Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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VOLUME VII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1873. NUMBER 21.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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SETTLEMENT OF SETTLEMENT

of the Supervisors of Allegheny Township for the year 1872:

CHARLES FLICK, *Supervisor*.....Dr.

Amount of his Duplicate.....$633 71

" " due Twp. at last settlement.. 86 12

$720 83

	Cr.	
Work done by Taxables	$495 98	
Township Orders paid	46 12	
Exonerations	11 35	
Time—91 days @ $1.50 ½ day	136 50	
Work done with his own team	21 67	
Labor hired	22 43	
Putting up notices	1 12	
Mistake in last settlement	66	
Time attending settlement	1 50	
One shovel broken	50	$720 83

PETER MELHORN, *Supervisor*.....Cr.

Amount of Duplicate for 1872.....$411 34

	Cr.	
Work done by Taxables	$353 05	
Exonerations	2 10	
Time order paid	2 45	
Time—35 days @ $1.50 ½ day	49 50	$407 10
Balance due Township		$ 4 24

We, the undersigned, Auditors of Allegheny Township, do hereby certify that we have carefully examined the above accounts and find them as above stated.

W. A. B. LITTLE, }

JNO. A. M'MULLEN, } Auditors.

JOS. TOMLINSON, }

Attest—JOSEPH HOGUE, Twp. Clerk.

Allegheny Twp., April 14, 1873. [5-30.-3t.]

THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, for the Western District of Pennsylvania.

In the case of JOSEPH RODGERS, of Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa., a Bankrupt under the Act of Congress of March 2d, 1867, having applied for a discharge from all his debts, and other claims provable under said Act—by order of the Court, NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, to all Creditors who have proved their debts, and other persons interested, to appear on the **26th day of June**, A. D. 1873, at 3 o'clock, P. M., before JOHN BROTHERLINE, Register in Bankruptcy, at the Court House in Ebensburg, Pa., to show cause, if any they have, why a Discharge should not be granted to said Bankrupt.

S. C. M'CANDLESS,

Clerk of U. S. District Court for said District.

[5-30.-3t.]

LAND FOR SALE.—I will sell at private sale either or both of the following described properties: A TRACT OF LAND in Carroll township, adjoining lands of Jacob Houck, Henry Campbell, and others, containing 22 ACRES, all cleared. Building thereon erected. Price $1,350, on easy terms. Also, a certain PIECE OF LAND adjoining the village of Carrolltown, lands of M. Boslet, Mrs. Hughes and Jno. Flick, containing 1½ *Acres*, more or less, in good order. Price $700. Possession given immediately. Persons wishing to purchase will apply to F. Bearer, Esq., Carrolltown, or to JOSEPH SHERAR.

[5-23.-3t.*]

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of OTHO STYNER, dec'd.

Letters Testamentary on the estate of OTHO STYNER, late of Washington township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that the same must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

F. M. GEORGE, }

JOSEPH CRISTE, } Executors.

Carrolltown, May 16, 1873.-6t.*

NOTICE is hereby given that I purchased at Constable's sale, on May 19, the following personal property of Robert Ansell, and have left the same with him during my pleasure: 1 corner cupboard, 1 breakfast table, 1 bureau, 2 clocks, 1 cook stove and pipe, 1 dough-tray, 6 chairs, 1 egg stove, 1 stand, 1 looking-glass. All persons are hereby cautioned against interfering with the same.

HENRY HOPPLE.

Ebensburg, May 30, 1873.-3t.

ESTATE OF FRANCIS DRASS, dec'd.—Letters Testamentary to the Estate of Francis Drass, late of Chest township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residents of the decedent, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment as soon as possible, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ANNA DRASS,

Executrix.

Chest Twp., May 23, 1873.-6t.*

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby cautioned against interfering in any way with the singular the household and kitchen furniture contained in the dwelling of David Watt, of Carrolltown township, Cambria county, having been purchased by me at consolidation and left with the said David D. Watt during pleasure.

J. D. MARTIN.

Twp., Indiana Co., May 30, 1873.-3t.*

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING.

The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that Miss E. JONES has just received an invoice of Fashionable Millinery Goods, at her residence in the East Ward, Ebensburg. Wedding Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking in all its branches. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor or fast-flying cloud;
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave—
He passes from life to his rest in the grave!

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade—
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant and mother, attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband, that mother and infant who blessed—
Each, all, are away in their mansions of rest.

The hand of the king the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave—
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread—
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the deaths we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling—
But it speeds from us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died; we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they meet on ther pilgrimage road.

Yes, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

THE CHAINED HOST.

The potato famine in Ireland was nowhere felt more severely than in that part of the country where the following story is told as a true tale.

In a small village in one of the most barren districts of the west of Ireland, there lived a very poor widow whose sole inheritance from her husband were two healthy children, girls, of the respective ages of three and five. Painfully and by the utmost effort she had contrived to pass two years of her sorrowful widowhood. Bad and scanty food, obtained only by labor too great for her delicate frame, had at last thrown her upon her sick bed, and death, in pity, removed her in a few days and without great suffering from her earthly troubles. The poverty of the whole parish was so great that nothing could be done for the poor orphans. All the neighbors, with the utmost desire to help, were too famine-stricken, and heard their own children too often cry in vain for bread, to assist others.

"If the children could only be got to Kilburn," a village some miles distant, said one of the neighbors, after the poor mother had been buried, "a brother of their father lives there, and he could not possibly refuse to take care of them."

"But matters are as bad there as here," replied another, "and I fear they will be no better off there."

"It cannot possibly be worse than here, for nothing but starvation stares them in the face. If we send them to their relations we have done our duty. We cannot possibly keep them here."

So a carrier, who was going near to Kilburn, as an act of charity, took the two girls—Lizzie was seven now, and Mary was five—in his cart with him. The timid children kept very quiet and close together, and the carrier hardly looked at them. Towards noon they reached the spot where the cart would turn off. The man lifted them out, showed them the road to the left, and bade them go straight forward, and if they did not turn from the high road they would in about two hours come to the place. He then drove off. The children sobbed out "good-bye," and looked after him as long as they could see the least speck of the cart, and then they both began to cry.

Lizzie ceased her crying first; she took hold of her little sister's hand, who had seated herself on the grass, and said, "Get up, Mary! We must not stay here, if we wish to get to Kilburn. We cannot stop here on the road."

"I am so hungry," sobbed Mary; "we have had nothing to eat all day." And again they both began to cry; for Lizzie was equally hungry.

The children were very weak, and could only drag themselves slowly along. Hand in hand they tottered on. At last Lizzie fancied she saw a house, and pointed towards the spot. But it took them more than a quarter of an hour before they reached the farm house, for such it proved to be. With hesitating steps they entered the yard, for they had never begged before in spite of their former misery. But at this moment they could think of nothing else but their terrible hunger.—When a few steps from the house they heard the farmer violently scolding one of his men. Then he went into the house, fiercely closed the door after him so as to make the windows rattle, continuing his abuse all the time. The children, terrified, stood still at the door until the voice ceased. Then Lizzie opened the door and both children entered. The farmer sat in an arm-chair by the fire.

"Well, what do you want?" he harshly asked the children, who were too frightened to utter a word and to tell their errand. "Can't you speak?" he asked more roughly.

Lizzie at last took courage, and said gently:

"Oh, if you would be so good as to give us the least little bite to eat—a small piece of bread or a few potatoes."

"I thought so," shouted the farmer; "I was sure you were nothing but beggars, although you do not seem to belong to this neighborhood. We have plenty of those here, and do not want them to come from other parts. We have no bread for ourselves in these hard times. You will get nothing here. Be off, this moment!"

The children, both dreadfully frightened, began to cry bitterly.

"That will not do you any good," continued the man; "that kind of whining is nothing new to me, and won't move me. Let your parents feed you; but they no doubt prefer idling rather than getting their living by honest labor."

"Our parents are both dead," said Lizzie.

"I thought so," replied the farmer. "Whenever children are sent out to beg, their father and mother are always dead, or at least their father. This is a mere excuse for begging. Be off this minute!"

"We have not eaten a morsel the whole day," pleaded Lizzie. "We are so tired that we cannot move a step. If you would but give us the least little bit to eat, we are so hungry."

"I have told you I would not. Beggars get nothing here."

The farmer got up with a threatening look. Lizzie quickly opened the door and drew her sister with her. The children again stood in the farm-yard, but knew not what to do. Suddenly little Mary drew her hand from her sister's clasp, and went to the other side of the yard; there was a fierce dog chained; his dinner stood before him in a wooden basin. Mary put her hand into the basin and began to eat with the dog. Lizzie went nearer and saw that in the basin there was some liquor, in which a few pieces of bread and some boiled potatoes were floating. She likewise, could not resist; she had but one feeling—that of the most gnawing hunger; she took some of the bread and potatoes, and ate them greedily.

The dog, not accustomed to such guests, looked at the children full of astonishment; he drew back, then sat down and left them his dinner, of which he had eaten very little. At this moment the farmer stepped into the yard; he wished to see whether the children had really left, and then he saw this singular scene. The dog was noted for his fierceness, and feared alike by old and young, he was obliged to be constantly chained. No one dared to come near him except his master. Even the servant put his food before him in the most cautious manner. In the first moment the man thought of nothing but the fearful danger in which the children were, and walking quickly toward them he exclaimed:

"Don't you see the dog? He will tear you to pieces!"

But suddenly he stopped as if rooted to the ground; the dog had got up again and gone near the children, then he looked at his master and wagged his tail. It seemed as if he wished to say:

"Don't drive my guests away!"

At that sight a great change came over the man; the spectacle before him acted like an electric shock, and feelings such as he never had before seemed to stir within him.

The children had risen, terrified at the call of the man, fearful of punishment for having eaten, with downcast eyes. At last, after several minutes' silence, the farmer asked:

"Are you really so fearfully hungry that you do not even despise the dog's food? Come in, then, you shall have something to eat, and as much as you like." And taking them by the hand, he led them into the house, calling out to the servant:

"Biddy, get some hot bread and milk, and be quick, for these children."

The dog had shamed his master—the brute had shamed the man. Touched by what he had seen, the farmer was anxious to make amends for what his conscience showed him to be a great sin. He seated the children at the table, sat down by them, and kindly asked their names.

"My name is Lizzie," said the eldest, "and my sister is called Mary."

"Have your parents been dead long?"

"Our father has been dead two years, but our mother only died last week."

At the thought of their recent loss both children began to weep.

"Don't cry, children," said the farmer, kindly. "God will in one way or another take care of you. But tell me now, where do you come from?"

"From Loughrea," replied the child.

"From Loughrea?" asked the man, "from Loughrea? That is strange!"

He began to suspect the truth and asked hesitatingly:

"What was your father's name?"

"Martin Sullivan," replied Lizzie.

"What—Martin—Martin Sullivan?" he exclaimed, jumping up at the same time, and casting a piercing look at the children, thoroughly frightening them.

His face grew red, then tears came into his eyes—at last he sobbed aloud. He took the youngest child in his arms, pressed her to his heart and kissed her. The child struggled and called to her sister for help; she could not think what the man meant. Then he put down the little one, and did the same to Lizzie, who took it more quietly, as she had seen that the man did not hurt her sister. At last becoming more composed, he dried his tears, and said.

"Do you know my name, children?"

"No," replied Lizzie.

"How happened it, then, that you have come to me?" he asked. "Has any one sent you to me?"

"Nobody has sent us," replied Lizzie. "We were to go to Kilburn, where a brother of our father lives, and they said he would gladly receive us. But I do not believe it, for our mother always said that he is a hard hearted man, who does not care for his relations."

"Your mother was quite right when she said so," said the farmer. "But what will you do if this hard-hearted man does not receive you?"

"Then we shall have to starve," answered Lizzie.

"No, no!" exclaimed the man quickly. "It shall never come to that—never! Dry your tears. The merciful God has had pity on your helplessness, and has made use of a fierce brute to soften the heart of your uncle, and therefore he will never forsake you—never."

The children looked at the man in utter bewilderment; they did not understand what he said—his words and his behavior were alike strange to them. This he soon perceived, for he added: "You are going to Kilburn to Patrick Sullivan; you are already there! I am your uncle, and now that you are the children of my brother Martin, I make you welcome."

The children's tears quickly changed into smiles, and the meal which Biddy just then put on the table for them made them forget their grief. Patrick Sullivan had taken this farm about a year before. A kind providence had directed the children's steps to him; but if the dog had not taught him a lesson of kindness, who knows what might after all have become of the poor orphans. But He, who is the Father of the fatherless, would not have forsaken them.

AN OLD WOMAN WANTS HER LEAN, LANK, LOST HUSBAND.—Under the heading, "Strayed or Stolen," Mrs. S. Susan Hundley, of Sheffey's Farm, Wythe county, advertises her husband, Andrew Jackson Hundley, in the Virginia Enterprise. She says he left her about two months ago in company with one Manda Wyrick, who she believes "conjured or bewildered" him by giving him "a cup of coffee to drink, upon the top of which he saw a blue gloss swimming." They were accompanied by her son "Bos, who left a wife and three children." The deserted matron says: "I want A. J. arrested and handcuffed, if necessary, and bro't back to me dead or alive, as he owes a good many debts he must pay, and he owes me a support in my old age. He is supposed to have gone to Tennessee, or Iowa, or out West. He is a long, lean, lank fellow, about six feet high, broad shoulders, thin beard, light hair and complexion, blue eyes, and about 45 years of age (being about twenty years younger than myself)." She offers to pay anybody a fair price who will return him to her "dead or alive," and requests all papers in the United States to copy the advertisement one time and forward their bills to her.

EVERYTHING in nature indulges in fun of some kind. The lightnings play, the winds whistles, the thunders roll, the snow flies, the rills and cascades sing and dance, the waves leap, the fields smile, the vines creep and run, and the buds shoot. But some of them have their seasons of melancholy. The tempest moans, the zephyrs sigh, the brooks, murmur, and the mountains look blue.

JOSH BILLINGS says: "I will state for the information of those who haven't had a chance tew lay in sekrit wisdom az freely as I have, that one single hornet, who feels well, can break up a whole camp meating."

LAME HETTY.

A WORKINGMAN'S ROMANCE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

I am the foreman in a shirt and drawer factory. I am forty years old, and never was particularly handsome to look at. I don't suppose my manners are particularly fascinating either, for the girls mostly call me, as I am given to understand, "Old Crusty," and "Bear." Not that I mean to be cross, but some people haven't the agreeable ways of others.

I have sat behind the desk in Tape & Buttonbell's for nineteen years, and have seen a good many phases of life within that time; but the most curious of all happened to myself personally, and that is precisely what I am going to tell you about.

"I wouldn't have had it happen for five dollars," said Dennison.

Dennison had charge of the out-of-door department, and he came in that wet, drizzly February evening, to stand by the grate fire in my room. We had not lighted the gas yet; the press and hurry of work were over for the day, and it was very quiet and pleasant in the red shine of the coals. I was sitting on my high stool, biting the feather end of a quill pen, and thinking—thinking of I scarce knew what.

"What has happened now?" I said.

"It's Lame Hetty," said Dennison. "Two rolls of work missing, and Hetty declares she brought 'em here."

I laid down the goose quill. Lame Hetty had been in my thoughts, somehow, all that rainy twilight, just as people and things will take possession of your brain at times, and you can't help yourself. A soft eyed, low voiced girl who walked with a crutch, and always wore delicate grays and dove colors. I knew her from the throng because of the "tap, tap" of her crutch, and used always to speak to her when I saw her standing in the long line of girls who waited, on Saturday night, to deliver their work and receive their pay.

"That's bad!" said I.

"Ten dollars worth of shirts," said Dennison; "order shirts, too, and that makes it worse. I'm sorry for the girl, as I always liked her; but of course it's necessary to stand by the rules. Loses her deposit and no more work."

"But suppose she pays for the missing work?"

"It isn't likely she'll do that," said Dennison. "This sort of girl has seldom ten dollars ahead."

"I don't believe it's her fault, Dennison," insisted I.

"She's responsible, isn't she?"

"Yes, but—"

Just then Mr. Buttonbell came in with a great order in his hand from a New Orleans house. I looked at it.

"We shall have a tight pull of it, sir, to fill this," said I, dubiously.

"But it must be filled," said he; "put on all your hands. Turn on a full head of steam. It won't do to let Peck & Pattison go to any other place." And he bustled away.

"Very unfortunate," said Dennison. "Lame Hetty was one of our very best hands."

Hetty Dorrance came the next morning as usual to receive work, and she had a ten dollar bill in her hand.

"Some kind friend has sent this to pay for the lost rolls of work, sir," said she to me.

"You're in luck, Hetty," said I, frowning over a long column of figures and trying not to blush under the earnest look of her soft, brown eyes.

"And I'm much, oh, so much obliged to him, whoever he is," she added, in a low tone. "But I can't use it unless—unless you think I am innocent."

"Of course I do," said I, looking up, at the quiver of her voice. "I don't believe you would take a pin, Hetty. I have known you for four years, and I believe you are a good girl. It's an awkward mistake somehow, but there's not many mistakes, my girl, but that God clears up in his own good time. Now take your place in the line; there is no time to be lost this morning."

So the matter was settled; but somehow a cloud rested on Lame Hetty. Those who had been her fast friends before avoided her now; the coarser minded whispered and giggled when the "tap, tap" of her crutch sounded on the floor.

"Oh, Mr. Harvey," said poor Hetty one day, when Jennie Warren, the proudest and prettiest of our girls, refused to acknowledge her modest bow, "it's very, very hard to bear."

"Well, Hetty, only wait," said I, cheerily.

"But it's breaking my heart," said she. "They all think I am a thief."

"I don't, Hetty."

"I know that, sir. I should drown myself if at least one person in the world did not believe me innocent."

The winter wore itself away. The busy season was succeeded by one of comparative dullness, and among the hands struck off the list was Hetty Dorrance.

"Once a thief, always a thief," said old Jones, the cutter. "I'd just as soon that girl wouldn't work for us."

"I would stake my honor that she is no thief," said I, hotly.

"Well," retorted the old man, cautiously, "it's necessary to curtail the list a little, and it may as well be Lame Hetty as any one."

But Hetty Dorrance never came to learn her doom. Day after day went by, and the familiar tap of her crutch sounded no more on the floor. I grew uneasy.

Perhaps she is sick—alone, in want! thought I. And the more I pondered on the matter the more uneasy I felt.

Perhaps she is dead! And with that last, overwhelming thought came the full revelation of my own heart.

I had grown to love lame Hetty Dorrance. Well, and why not? I I could afford a wife as well as most men; Hetty was only a sewing girl, and lame at that, but she had a face like one of God's angels, and a heart as white as a lily. Of that I felt certain. I loved her. Why should I not marry her?

So I sat down and wrote her a little note, saying simply that I loved her, and asking her to consent to become my wife; and I concluded by saying that I would call on the morrow to receive her answer.

Just after I had sent my letter off, there came a knock at the door.

"Mr. Harvey, are you alone—can I speak to you?"

"Is that you, Helena Arden? Why, I thought you were married and gone to California!"

"I am married to a spendthrift and a villain," said she, with a little horse laugh, "and I am going to California to-morrow, but I wanted to see you first. I wanted to pay you something."

"For what?"

"The roll of work that the people accused Hetty Dorrance, the lame girl, of taking."

"Helena, did you take it?"

"Yes," she replied, recklessly. "I took it! I wanted money sorely just then; the landlady wouldn't let me have my trunks to be married until I paid her what I owed her. I was standing by Lame Hetty that night. I saw her lay the piles of work on the desk; I saw them slip and fall off the heap. I was just going away, and it was an easy thing for me to stoop, as if for my own pocket handkerchief, and pick them up. I pawned them, thinking I could easily redeem them, but I never did. Here is the money to pay for them. I hope Hetty was not blamed."

"She was, though," said I, slowly.

"I can't help it," said Helena, flightily. "I've done my best. Will you see that she is righted?"

"As far as I can."

And Helena went away, muttering to herself about all her accounts being closed at last. I paid but little attention to it at the time, but remembered it afterward.

I went the next evening to Hetty's simple lodgings, over a baker shop.

"Miss Dorrance!" said the baker's wife, meeting me at the foot of the stairs with a baby in her arms. "Why, didn't you know? She has moved away."

"Moved! And my letter?"

"We got a letter here for her yesterday, sir, and we forwarded it to her. No. 36 Avenel Square, sir."

So I went to 36 Avenel Square, a little gem of a brown stone house, all bay windows and balconies, standing in its own grounds, and there was Hetty at the casement waiting for me.

"Hetty," said I, "did you get my letter?"

"Yes, Mr. Harvey."

"And what is your answer?"

"That I will be your wife, Mr. Harvey, and that I am, oh, so thankful, to have gained a good man's love."

I stooped and kissed her daisy face.

"I suppose you are sewing here, Hetty," said I. "It's a handsome house."

"No," said Hetty, half laughing and half crying. "I live here."

"You?"

"My grand uncle died," said Hetty. "He was an old bachelor, and hated us all, but he couldn't take his money with him. I have inherited it all."

"It cannot be possible!" said I, rubbing my forehead.

"But it is possible," said Hetty. "And it is true I was just going to send to you to pay that ten dollar bill when I got your letter."

"I have been paid, my girl," said I, and I told her about Helena Arden.

The next day we saw a paragraph in the papers, how an unknown woman, with the words "Helena Arden," written on her handkerchief, had drowned herself at the foot of one of the crowded East river piers.

That is my story. It is simple enough, and I think it has elements of romance in it.

A VERY wealthy farmer of Titusville has this "notis" posted up in his field; "If any man's or woman's cows or oxen gits in these here oats, his or her tail will be cut off, as the case may be. I am a Christian man, and pay my taxes, but dam a man who lets his critters run loose, say I."

A CRIMINAL COURT—sparking another man's wife.

"SICK HIM, TIGE!"

The Bowling Green (Ky.) *Democrat*, says:

A few nights ago, a gentleman of this city, as he was going home at a somewhat late hour, heard, in the distance, sweet strains of music, or at least what he supposed to be music, but which proved to be principally "straining," and other dismal sounds that seemed to come from a stomach overloaded with green fruit.

Softly he drew near, and at last discovered whence the sounds proceeded. A youth, over whose upper lip the barber could not have slipped the back of the razor blade more than twice, stood leaning against the gate post with his eyes fixed upon a chamber window in the second story of the house before him. In his hands he held a guitar, upon which he plinked with the air of one who is not certain he is on the right string, while from his parted lips came the following song:

I have lo-oved thi-he Zula Zo-long,
Fo-hor thy-hy life was all a so-long,
Wa-wa has a cheerful smi-ile,
Wa-wa has su-hanshine all the while.

There the young man paused to spit and fill up again with wind, and then struck into the chorus:

Oh, Zu-hulald mouder-hing Zahulah
Si-hilent is the silver so-hong;
Oh, Zu-hulald da-harling Ze-hula!
De-hear departed Zu-hulah Zong-sung-song!

The singer here took a rest of a few seconds, looked anxiously down the street to see that no policeman was in sight, then throwing a peculiar plaintive voice, he sang:

When the mo-hoon is shi-hi-ning o'er the lake;
Oh, the-hen I'll think of thee-he-hee—
Oh, the-hen I'll think of thee-he-hee!

Here the front door was suddenly opened, a sepulchral voice said, "Sick him, Tige!" and out jumped a dog about the size of a flour barrel, and with a good set of natural teeth. The singer turned a back somersault out of the gate, and, with a dog nipping at his coat tail at every jump, disappeared down toward the heart of the city. Here upon the gentleman who was a witness to the serio-comic drama, turned and left the spot, but not until he had seen a middle-aged man in a single garment, with an abbreviated narrative, rolling over in the hallway, convulsed with mirth, and saying, whenever he stopped laughing long enough to say anything, "Oh, the-hen!—Oh, the-hen I'll think of thee!" The gentleman had walked several squares from where the scene had occurred, passing a broken guitar that lay in the gutter, when he met the dog returning with a wild expression in his eye, and a pair of suspenders and a portion of a coat tail in his mouth.

PRIZE PROBLEMS.

If 19 grasshoppers can chew more tobacco than their shadows, how many kicks on the shins will it take to fatten a cast-iron monkey?

If the short rib of a Hoboken mosquito weighs two square inches, how many bow-legged boot-jacks will it take to shake the toe-nails off a bed-bug in an ounce of seconds.

If two eggs' worth of strap oil are required to cure a spanish fly of the small-pox, how many acres of saw-dust will it take to dissolve three pints of left-handed monkey wrenches.

If a wooden monkey can eat an iron peanut, how long will it take him to eat the shadow of a two legged flap-jack?

If it takes 2 June bugs 1 minute to carry 10 sacks of molasses up a ladder of soft soap, how long will it take 17 pounds of calico to draw an ant?

If it takes a mouse one day to knaw a hole through an iron safe, how long will it take a cat to get the hole large enough to get in the safe to catch the mouse?

If a pint of candles is worth one cent, how many darning needles will it take to make a lightning rod?

If it takes a peck of fleas' livers to fatten a splinter of the North Pole, how many pickled snakes' ears will it take to fill a pair of hen skin boots?

If it takes an educated mule a month and a half to eat a pan of chicken dough, how long will it take a blind fiddler to catch a ring-tailed baboon?

If it takes a pair of eel-skin garters to fit the leg of the chair the sun sets in, how many silver dollar bills will it take to make a patent hen's nest?

If it takes a box of brown bread pills to sober an intoxicated elam, how many papers of yeast powder will it take to raise a litter of black and tan pups.

If it takes four rotten eggs to whitewash a young five year old flea, how many horse-power will it take to pull the left hand hind leg out of a young mouse?

QUEER HOTEL.—There is a hotel in California composed of ten hollow trees, standing a few feet apart. The largest of these is sixty-five feet around, and is used as a bar and kitchen. For bed-chambers there are nine great hollow trees, whitewashed or papered, and having doors cut to fit the shape of the holes. Literature finds a place in a leading stump dubbed "the library."

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

Friday, - - - - - June 13, 1873.

COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Democrats of Cambria county are requested to meet at their usual places of holding elections in their several election districts, on SATURDAY, JUNE 21ST, 1873, and elect two Delegates from each district to meet in County Convention, in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, 23d JUNE, to nominate a County Ticket and transact such other business as may be thought advisable for the good of the party.

Elections in the townships to be held between the hours of 2 and 6 o'clock, and in the boroughs between the hours of 5 and 7 o'clock, P. M.

By order of the Executive Committee.

NATHANIEL HORNE, Chairman.

Johnstown, June 4, 1873.

AT the meeting in Philadelphia last week of the Democretic State Committee, it was decided that the State Convention should be held at Wilkesbarre, on Wednesday, the 27th day of next August. We have always been opposed to the custom of annually changing the place for holding the State Convention. The proper place for its meeting is Harrisburg, which is of easy access by railroad from all parts of the State, possessing ample hotel accommodations, and where the hall of the House of Representatives is always at the service of such assemblages. It possesses advantages far superior to any other interior city or town in the State.

AN effort was made last week in the Constitutional Convention to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors in this State by adopting the following amendment:

Section 36, that "the sale of intoxicating liquors or mixtures containing the same, for use as a beverage, shall hereafter be prohibited," and that "the legislature shall within one year from the adoption of the constitution enact laws, with adequate penalties for the enforcement of this provision."

The amendment gave rise to a lengthy discussion, and on the yeas and nays being ordered on the adopting of the section, the yeas were 44 and the nays 60. The local option experiment thus remains the law of the State for three years in those counties in which it has been adopted, unless sooner repealed by the Legislature, which we do not at present anticipate.

LAST Saturday, John J. Fairchild and twelve other men left Fairchild's ranche, on Cottonwood creek, Oregon, with seventeen Modoc captives, all of whom were women and children except about five men and one boy. Their destination was Boyles' camp. On the road, Fairchild was stopped by a squad of Oregon volunteers, the mules unhitched from the wagon and three or four of the Indians were brutally murdered, and one of the squaws severely wounded. The Modocs who were thus butchered in cold blood were not charged with any crime, and were unarmed. The act was atrocious and without any excuse, and if the perpetrators of it can be arrested, they should be severely dealt with by Gen. Davis, if they were attached to the force under his command. Their crime is almost as revolting as that of Capt. Jack and his party who treacherously killed Gen. Canby and Dr. Thomas.

GRANT having decided to transfer the Executive branch of the government to Long Branch, has shipped his horses and carriages to that point by a special train, as appears from the following dispatch:

LONG BRANCH, June 6.—A special train arrived this morning from Washington, containing seven carriages and seven horses, consigned to General Grant's cottage at this place. The President and family are expected this evening.

A similar announcement was made one year ago with this difference, that *then* a certain long-eared and very stupid looking animal accompanied the stud of his Excellency, thereby exciting the profound wonder and amazement of General Horace Porter, one of his military secretaries. The government will henceforth be run by the telegraph and special messengers until the close of the season at the Branch. To see the President's equine "establishment" whirling over the railroad would be strongly suggestive of old John Harper, H. P. McGrath, or Dr. Herr, the three kings of the Kentucky turf, on their annual trip to the Monmouth and Saratoga race course.—What a happy and glorious thing it is that this model republic is blessed with *such* a President!

THE question as to the disposition to be made of Captain Jack and the other Modoc prisoners of war, having been submitted by the President to the Attorney General, that officer has furnished a written opinion on the subject. Although there is an attempt for buncombe made by the Attorney General to assimilate the case of the murderers of General Canby to that of Wirtz, the keeper of the Andersonville prison, as well as to the military murder of Mrs. Surratt, the cases being as unlike each other as a hawk is unlike a handsaw, he has arrived at the correct conclusion, and decides that the Modocs who are charged with having violated the recognized laws of war are subject to trial by a military commission. Capt. Jack, Schonchin, and the other Modocs who assassinated Gen. Canby and Peace Commissioner Thomas, will therefore be tried before a military tribunal, as soon as it can be organized by Gen. Davis under instructions from General Sherman. Some weeks must elapse before the punishment of the guilty parties can take place. The following is the conclusion of the Attorney General's opinion:

My conclusion, therefore, is that a military commission may be appointed to try such of the Modoc Indians now in custody as are charged with offences against the recognized laws of war, and that if upon such trial any are found guilty they may be subjected to such punishment as these laws require or justify.

The Constitutional Convention and the Increase Pay.

The newspaper press of the State continues to discuss the increase of salary from $1,000 to $2,500, voted to themselves by the members of the Constitutional Convention. It has been said, in certain quarters, that the country journals that have seen fit to take issue with the majority of the Convention on the morality and propriety of the increased pay, are identified with and acting in concert with a "Ring" of political gamblers, who have banded together for the purpose of destroying popular respect and confidence in the Convention and thereby defeat the ratification of the proposed new Constitution at the ballot-box. Such is not the fact, at least in the general way in which it has been charged. We can honestly and truthfully say, that from the very inception of the effort, outside as well as inside of the Legislature, to bring about the passage of a law for the calling of a Convention, we consistently and earnestly sustained the movement with whatever ability we possessed. And, although we have objected to and denounced the increased pay of its members, we are not for that reason to be classed with a greedy and unscrupulous *ring* which, from selfish and unworthy motives, has arrayed itself against the work of the Convention and will concentrate all its power and resources to defeat it at the polls. So far as we comprehend the action of the Convention thus far, we approve it and intend, when its labors are completed, to aid and assist, through the columns of our paper, in securing its endorsement by the people. But we are not therefore compelled to become the defender or apologist of the Convention when it perpetrates what we conceive to be an outrage and a wrong in reference to the salary of its own members. *That* is a very different question from the character of the constitution which may emanate from their hands. What is the plea set up in defence of the Convention for increasing the salary of its members $1,500 beyond the amount originally fixed by the Legislature, and which each delegate to that body agreed to take when he was elected? It is found in a section of the general appropriation bill, passed at the last session, and is as follows:

"For the payment of the expenses of the Constitutional Convention, including the pay of the members, clerks, and officers thereof, and the printing thereof, the sum of $500,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, to be settled by the Auditor General; and the amount of the salaries of the members and clerks, and the pay of the officers and employes thereof, shall be fixed by the Constitutional Convention, and the money shall be paid by the State Treasurer on the warrants of the president of said convention, countersigned by the chief clerk of the convention; and any statute inconsistent herewith be and the same is hereby repealed."

To entrust the Convention with unlimited power to fix the salary of its members presupposed a degree of confidence in the honesty of human nature which was worthy of a Legislature, one branch of which undertook to perpetrate a swindle by adding $500 to the salary of its own members. Admitting that the Legislature abdicated its power in the premises, and transferred it to the Convention, had the latter body the right to increase its *per capita* pay to *twice and one-half* its original amount? If it could do *that*, it could as easily have made it twice as large as it really did and for precisely the same reason, which was, that the original amount $1,000, would not make both ends meet.

James W. Curry, a delegate from Blair county, who writes *Rev.* before his name, and who for that very reason ought not to be in the Convention at all, and who, according to the Altoona *Radical*, is chiefly responsible for the fraud, in his speech in the Convention defending his action on the subject, declared that the salary was entirely inadequate, and that the delegates could make more at their private business or professions. This is all bosh, for Curry himself never made half as much by *preaching* as he would have done out of his original salary as fixed by law.

Merely to make and to save money was not the purpose for which the delegates to the Convention were elected. They had a higher and more patriotic duty to perform than to tread in the footsteps of a corrupt Congress, or to imitate the example of a debauched Pemsylvania House of Representatives. The trust confided to them is one of vast importance, and should be discharged in a pure and unselfish spirit, uninfluenced by personal or pecuniary considerations.

We object to this increase of pay, for the reason that it is unseemly, grasping and avaricious—that it is calculated to lessen popular confidence in the purity and integrity of the Convention—that it was wholly unnecessary—and especially because it was a clear violation of the covenant entered into between the delegates and the people when they were elected.

AN exhibit has been made by the New York *Sun* of the horse and wagon account of the Treasury Department at Washington. From the official figures, it appears for repairs upon two wagons and three harnesses the expenses during the year 1872 nearly touched four thousand dollars. The horse-shoeing bill incurred by the three horses that drew these two wagons has now been published, and amounts to over three hundred and thirty-three dollars for the year, the single items ranging from four to thirty-two dollars. When other items are put upon the same basis as the above, it is no longer a matter of surprise that the contingent expenses of the Treasury for the coming fiscal year are estimated at over $927,-000, or nearly twice the sum that was once sufficient to pay all the Treasury expenses, salaries included.

CAPTAIN JACK is evidently regarded by Attorney General Williams as a conquered belligerent enemy against whom the charge is brought of having violated the laws of war. It is therefore the opinion of that functionary that the captured leader of the Modocs must be tried by a military tribunal. So far as Captain Jack's fate is concerned, it matters little whether he is handed over to the civil authorities or tried by court martial. That is sealed. He would be hanged by an Oregon jury and it is not at all probable that he will escape the gallows if his case is disposed of by a court organized by General Davis. But the reasoning by which the Attorney General reaches the conclusion that Captain Jack was a belligerent and as such violated the laws of war, recognizes every Indian tribe within the limits of the territory of the United States as an independent nation. According to this absurd idea, a tribe of Indians might levy war against the United States just as Great Britain or any recognized independent power might do, and if the savages did not in any respect violate the laws of war they could not be punished except merely by subjugation to the authority of the United States. They could not be tried for any offence against the laws of the United States because they are not in any sense or degree subject to them, but entirely independent of them. This ridiculous and fatal theory is based on the fact that the federal government has recognized the tribal organization of the Indians in making treaties with them. If such is the logical consequence of the recognition of the tribal character of savage bands, every treaty with them should be revoked, and Indian agencies established to deal with individuals instead of tribes. Let the savages who cannot maintain themselves be fed and clothed by the government as heretofore, but the authority of the chiefs ought to be ignored and tribal organizations broken up. Until this be done there can be no peace nor security of property or life on the frontier.—*Patriot.*

THE story of a long and persistent pursuit of a murderer, by the son of his victim, is told in a Missouri newspaper. The father of Col. Young, a resident of Cook county, Texas, was killed and robbed on the 11th of April, 1872, by a man named Bunch. The next day Col. Young started in pursuit, and for more than a year he has been tracking the felon through the Indian territory, thence through Arkansas and Louisiana, east into Mississippi, and north through Tennessee and Kentucky. Crossing the Mississippi river, the felon made his way through Arkansas, by the wigwams of the Indian territory, thence through the mountains and forests of Arkansas again, the hills and wilds of Southern Missouri, over the prairies of Southern Kansas, down the headwaters of Medicine Lodge, and among the Arrapahoes. On the 20th of last January, Col. Young lost the trail. On the 8th of April, a telegram from Fort Scott informed him that Bunch had recently been in that place. Soon he was there, only to learn that Bunch had left for Lamar, in Benton county. From that place Young traced him to Stockton, Bolivar, Quincy, Warsaw, Sedalia, Bonneville. Here Bunch was arrested, and, after this long chase, has been identified by Col. Young and committed to prison.—*Tribune.*

THE EDITORIAL EXCURSION.—The week beginning the 23rd of this month has been set apart for the Editorial Excursion. On that day (Monday) and Tuesday, the members of the Editorial Association of the State will rendezvous at Danville, Montour county. The stay at Danville will be made attractive by a visit to the rolling-mills, &c., in the vicinity, and enlivened by a hop on Tuesday evening.

Wednesday to Mauch Chunk, with its Alpine scenery, its Switch Back, Bear Mountain, &c., &c.

Thursday morning, through the coal mines of that vicinity, if time permit.

Thursday afternoon, off for Wilkesbarre, *via* the Lehigh Valley Railroad, with all its magnificent landscapes; through the Wyoming Valley, land of richness, beauty, and song.

Friday, Association business during the day, and a banquet in the evening.

Saturday, farewell, and homewards.

This is now the proposed route, and Secretary R. S. Menamin deserves praise and thanks for arranging so good a one, and working so indefatigably to make the excursion so pleasant and a success.

—The most disastrous conflagration that ever took place at Liverpool, Perry county, Pa., occurred about two o'clock on Sunday morning, destroying a square of some of the finest residences in the town. The loss is estimated at $45,000. Insurance small. Among the principal losers are G. C. Thorp, merchant, store and warehouse and private residence; loss, $10,000; insurance about $9,000. Mrs. Maria Huggins, three houses, loss, $8,000; insurance, $1,200. Mrs. Nancy Reifsnyder, private residence and barn; loss, $6,000; no insurance. Daniel Wagner, dwelling and saloon; loss, $3,000; no insurance. It is the general supposition that the fire was the work of some cowardly incendiary.

—William Burns, said to be the founder of the city of La Salle, died at St. Joseph's Hospital, in Chicago, on Wednesday afternoon, at the advanced age of 113 years.—Mr. Burns was a native of Ireland. Up to the time of his death he retained all his faculties, heard well, spoke distinctly, and had a vivid recollection of things long forgotten by the "oldest citizens." Lately, however, he was unable to walk, and his eyes had a certain dim appearance, as if they had actually faded with years and use. The sisters of the hospital have cared for the old man with the greatest possible tenderness. He had grown to be regarded as a part of the institution, and his demise is mourned by all its inmates.

AT Chanceford Pike, about two miles from York, Pa., several young children belonging to a family residing there, were in the habit of carrying bread to their playground, near the house. This excited the curiosity of the older members of the family, who visited the children's enclosure, and there found a large black snake with a litter of six or eight young ones feeding on the bread, the children standing around. On the approach of the older persons the snakes disappeared. The York Pennsylvanian is the authority for the above.

—The "Pennsylvania," the new steamer on the Philadelphia line, has arrived at Queenstown. When four days out she lost three blades of her propellor, and made the balance of the passage with but one blade. With this serious disadvantage she made the voyage in fourteen days.

ALONE ON THE ICE.

AN AMERICAN SAILOR'S STORY—HORRORS OF THE ANTARTIC NIGHT—SPLENDOR OF THE SOUTHERN SKIES.

[From the New York Herald.]

It is probable that the whole range of history fails to afford a parallel to the narrative of the modern Selkirk, James A. King, who was left on the South Shetland Islands, among the snow and ice, by a vessel which visited that almost unknown region in search of furs. For nearly sixteen months, part of the time with helpless companions and part of the time alone, he battled against death. Without any tangible hope of rescue, with the most horrible of deaths staring him in the face, he lived and returned to the civilized world. The story of those months of hopeless life, of hunger, privation, cold and despair, would be worthy the pen of a De Foe. Simply as showing how much a man can endure and yet live, the narrative is deeply interesting; but when we try to realize the terrible solitude of this lone man, in a region where the very sun himself seems frozen to the Polar cliffs, the mind wanders and the senses refuse the bidding of the will. The narrative of Alexander Selkirk, mariner, as well as the idealization of the same under the form of "Robinson Crusoe," falls far short of this story of a New York boy who went to the South Seas in a New London schooner. It is merely a new rendering of the motto, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

THE SURVIVOR'S NARRATIVE.

I shipped in this city on July 26, 1870, as boat steerer, and was sent to New London to complete the crew of the schooner Franklin, which was then fitting out in that port as tender to the bark Peru, then in the South Seas. The Franklin, Captain James M. Holmes, sailed a few days after, and, after being nine days out, she was forced to put back for repairs, having sprung a leak. She was put on the ways and repaired. The Franklin sailed again on August 26 of the same year, and sighted the Faulkland Islands after a hundred days' voyage. We met the bark Peru, Captain George D. Gilderdale, about one hundred miles off the Faulkland Islands, and her commander, thinking it wise for us to go to Cape Horn for wood and provisions, we did so, after which we sailed for the Shetland Islands, reaching there after a voyage of eight days. Running into Potter's Cove found the schooners Francis Allen and Golden West. After coming to anchor, the stores were put ashore.

Third mate Townsend reported that he had found a seal rookery on the other side of Livingston Island, known to whalers as North Beach. This was the first instance of finding of seal at that place. The following six named men were to go ashore: James A. Walsh, alias King, of New York; Edward Townsend, of Glen Cove, L. I.; Charles Gardner, North Stonington, Conn.; Charles Pierce, of Groton, Conn.; Pedro Montaro, of Brave Island, Cape de Verdes; and William Hess, of Camden, New Jersey. The vessel sent out boats crews about ten days afterwards, and the men who had been on shore—I was one of the number—turned over 1,767 skins.

DESERTED BY THE VESSELS.

Provisions for six days were then put on shore, after which Captain Gilderdale promised to return in ten days at the farthest. We were then at a place known as Windsor Island, and remained twenty-two days awaiting the return of the bark Peru. At the end of that time, neither of the vessels having returned, we started to go to Potter's Cove, which we knew to be a general rendezvous for the fur-gathering vessels. As it was daylight all the time, we had lost our reckoning of time, so I cannot be exactly certain as to the number of days that we waited. Arriving at Potter's Cove, St. George Island, we found that both the Peru and Franklin had gone. We were then utterly alone.

THE HORROR OF THE SITUATION

was then fully realized. We were beyond all hope of relief from stray vessels, for we were out of the usual track, and there was no likelihood of any vessels, only those to which we were attached, visiting the place. The terrors of the Antartic winter were also before us. We found two casks of bread left by the schooner Golden West. These provisions had been left because the schooner had 4,000 seal skins on board, which were more valuable cargo than bread. The finding of these casks allayed our immediate fears of hunger, as we knew this would sustain us for some time with proper care. The weather was terribly cold; our clothing, although of the heaviest furs, was insufficient to keep us warm. Out of some boards which we found a hut was built, and we began killing sea-dogs for fuel. We also laid in a stock of penguin and sea leopards for food. These we found in the snow. In all whaleboats there are carried tinder-boxes, with steel and twelve flints.

THE TERRIBLE WINTER

had now begun in deep earnest. The snow soon fell to such a depth as to bury the hut entirely, and so as to necessitate digging out from the door. This we did in a zigzag direction, so as to exclude the wind. The men took turns in going out after the provisions. We had a quantity of blubber in the boat, which furnished us with a tolerable fire during the greater part of the time. The season of night had now arrived, and the aurora australis was far grander than the Arctic aurora. I have seen it as far north as eighty degrees, having made the trip with Buddington, late of the Polaris. In sixty-four degrees south latitude, however, the grandeur of the aurora far excels that seen in the north. The light, as it comes reflected from the glaciers and mountains of snow and ice, is like a strip of burnished silver. August is midwinter, and at that time the aurora is at its height. We were five days in the hut at one time, after a heavy snow, before we could rouse ourselves sufficiently to dig our way out.

SCALING THE GLACIERS IN THE TWILIGHT

was not, as may be imagined, either pleasant or safe work, yet we were compelled to take long trips through the snow up to our waists in search of penguin. It was death to get lost, yet we frequently went eight to ten miles from the hut, which was harder work than twenty miles of ordinary walking would have been. We constructed a sort of pike by attaching a spike to the end of a board. With these and sharp-pointed stakes, we scaled the great mountains of ice.

We remained at that place from about May 13 to about September 26, 1871. The provisions had began to get short. We were hopeful as yet, and up to that time had maintained tolerable health. Our troubles soon began in earnest, however. We launched our boat on the day indicated above to go to Penguin Island. On this is an extent volcano. The ice had moved somewhat to the eastward, in the direction of the Orkney Islands, and we had hoped to be able to get through in safety. It was yet exceedingly cold, although winter breaks up about the latter part of October. As it was, we got fast in the ice floe near Morality Bay, and were compelled to desert the boat

TO SAVE OUR LIVES.

We got on the ice floe, and only succeeded in reaching the shore by jumping from cake to cake. We lost everything in the boat—compass, tinder-box, and provisions. We were in a terrible position. Nearly all got their feet frozen. We slept that night in the snow, under a heavy northeast gale, and in the morning started back on foot to reach, if possible, the old lodge at Potter's Cove. The snow was up to our waists, and it required almost superhuman love of life to prevent us from lying down. Charles Gardner, of North Stonington, Conn., walked about three hundred yards and became sleepy. It was impossible to rouse him, and, unable to carry him, we were forced, much against our inclinations, to leave him to die. Pedro Montaro, the Portuguese, walked almost to Penguin Point, within about eight miles of the hut, when he gave up from fatigue, and laid down, becoming stiff almost instantly.

THUS TWO OF OUR PARTY DIED.

The remaining four of us, Townsend, Hess, Pierce and myself, persevered, and, by encouraging each other, succeeded in reaching the hut, almost dead with fatigue, cold and hunger. Hess and Pierce's feet were frightfully frozen—so badly, indeed, that mortification set in—Townsend's were swollen very large. Being the only one who was able to walk any distance, the labor of providing for the entire party devolved upon me. I went out every day in search of penguin eggs. Townsend was able to hobble about the hut and did everything he could, poor fellow, but Hess and Pierce were in terrible agony, and the smell from their feet was sickening. I was taken sick one day from walking ten miles through the snow, after eggs, and the horror of that night, when the prospect of starvation stared us in the face, is beyond the power of description. My illness was, however, only temporary, and I was on my feet the next day.

I WAS GETTING SO WEAK AND EMACIATED

that I could not chase a penguin. One day Townsend saw a sea leopard lying on the ice. We took two pieces of board, and, after fighting the animal for an hour, succeeded in killing him. The flesh of this animal recuperated us a great deal, as we had been living solely on penguin flesh, which contains very little nutrition. The weather was now getting pleasanter and the snow was melting somewhat. It was in the beginning of October that Pierce and Hess began to lose their minds. The terrible despondency which had filled our hearts for more than five months had produced utter mental prostration. I have wondered a hundred times that I did not become insane. The thermometer had during the winter registered forty-three degrees below zero. Our faces had entirely been enveloped in furs, yet one of our number had had his nose frozen.

THE LAST SEPARATION.

The snow having begun to melt, an old boat was discovered. Thinking that some provisions had been left by Captain Gilderdale at South Beach, Pierce and Hess, who had only partially recovered, and Townsend, determined to take this boat and go there. They launched the boat, without sails, oars, or anything except three pieces of boards made into paddles. I remonstrated with Townsend about going, and he said that he might as well die at South Beach, or on the way, as to stay there and be the cause of starving me. They hoped to find provisions, for they argued that Captain Gilderdale would not have deserted them without leaving something, at least, to keep soul and body together. The distance across to South Beach was more than sixty miles, and the water was filled with floating ice.

I STILL HAD HOPE

that some vessels would arrive in November, and was resolved to stay where I was. I remonstrated, therefore, against the separation, and tried to encourage them all to stay, but they were determined to go. They started among the ice and were soon lost to sight. I never saw them. After their departure I remained in the hut all alone for about forty days. It was now the light season again. I was awakened from a sound sleep on the 2d of November, 1872, by the voices of men. I was very weak, and had subsisted for several days upon the stock of my provisions. I was so weak that I did not realize the situation until I heard a man cry out to some one behind him:

"THERE IS A SKELETON IN THIS HUT!"

It was like help to a drowning man. I was on my feet in an instant. I forgot my weakness. The man who found me was named Smith, and belonged to the bark Nile, of New York. John Glass, second mate of the vessel, then entered the hut, and recognizing me, exclaimed, "Why, King, are you all that is left?" I replied that I was, and related all the particulars which I have given above. At this moment Captain John Williams entered, and, instead of asking after me or my poor, dead comrades, addressed me in these words: "Where in hell did you come from? Where is that thermometer and all the skins? Go aboard the ship with Mr. Church." I went on board the Nile until she reached Pernambuco, where I found Joseph A. Striker, the United States Consul. He treated me very kindly, furnished me with money, and took my statement, which he forwarded to Washington. I left there in schooner Lizzie P. Simmons, and arrived at New York the latter part of last April. That is all my story.

CAPTAIN JACK—WHO RAISED HIM, WHO NAMED HIM, AND WHOM HE IS NAMED AFTER.—Our reporter has obtained from Mrs. Jos. Knott, an old lady living in this city, and nearly seventy years of age, the following account of Captain Jack:

In the year 1851, while living at Cononville, Douglass county, an Indian boy came to their house, and speaking the jargon, desired to live with them. He was one of the Rogue River Indians, and belonged to the tribe then located on Cow Creek. She noticed that he appeared to be an active, keen, shrewd-looking boy, and with the consent of the husband took him to raise, with whom he remained several years.

As soon as the boy was assured that they intended to keep him, he insisted on having a "Boston" name, as he called it, and wished to be named after the best looking of Mrs. Knott's children. This being appreciated by the mother, she decided to name him after her son—their ages apparently being about the same—and this son was J. Knott, better known as Jack Knott, of saloon fame. The boys grew up together, and many were the days they spent in the sports of the chase. On one occasion, after he had been with them some time, he became offended because he was told to leave the room, and loaded his rifle with the intention of shooting Levi Knott, but was discovered in season to prevent his designs.

This circumstance led to his expulsion from the family, and from that until the present time he has not been seen by them, except in 1855, the year in which he murdered Mrs. Harris, after which Jack went to the Goose Lake country. His mother was a full sister to Rogue River John, who attempted to seize the steamer Columbia, while she lay at anchor in the harbor of Crescent City, and also a half sister to the war-chief Sam, of the same tribe, and Chief Joe, who received his appellation from having fought General Joe Lane. All of these facts, and many others which we have no space to mention, were recently confirmed by Judge Prim, of Eastern Oregon, who communicated these particulars to Mrs. Knott, stating that the great Modoc Chieftain, Captain Jack, was the boy she took to raise in 1851.—*Portland (Oregon) Herald.*

The Walworth Murder.

Mr. Frank Walworth, of Saratoga, appears to be a gentleman of thought beyond his years. Having purchased a pistol, he left home, and, in due course of time, arrived at New York. Going to a hotel he invited his father to an interview, in order that they might "settle some family matters." The invitation looked proper enough to the boy's parent, who could not have suspected the youth's grim joke of luring him there to settle family disputes with bullets. So he went to the hotel in good faith, was asked to make certain promises not to annoy, insult nor molest the boy's mother. Possibly, looking into the eager, earnest face of his child demanding immunity for his mother, the father could not refuse anything he might ask, and solemnly intended to keep his promises intact. But, all the exactions being conceded, the son said, "You have promised all this before; I do not believe you." And, to prevent the word of his parent being again broken, he riddled his body with bullets.

Then this thoughtful, dramatic youth went to the telegraph office, sent a despatch to his uncle, saying, "I have shot and killed father." No waste of words there. His next step was to inquire for the nearest station house, and there he went, giving himself and his pistol up to the officer in charge, airily declaring he had killed his father.

We have said that Mr. Frank Walworth displays thoughtfulness beyond his years. All that he did was thought out before he started on his bloody journey. All that he did afterward showed coolness and consideration. He killed his father, and then marched about calmly as a "Swamp Angel." Of course, a young gentleman so premeditated in all his actions as he is, did not forget that the end of the whole business would be himself swinging from the end of a rope, a limp, unpleasant body. No one ever more deliberately wrought for such a conclusion, and it would be an insult to his ripe consideration to disappoint him. Besides, any other end, would be to rob him of the cheap dramatic glory for which his ingenious spirit thirsted.

It is simply the old story told and retold in the Dime Novel. This father that the boy killed was a writer of stories which bristled with sensations, similar to those which his son has acted out. They were as bad as bad could be in their tendencies, although the words in which they were couched were decent enough. They were false in sentiment; flashy, theatrical in plot; filled with desperate villains, going about with pistol and knife; and of the very sort to make murder popular. The flashy weekly papers to which the dead man contributed, morally poison tens of thousands of our youth with the pabulum which they supply from the pens of the Walworths. If one boy happens to be poisoned worse than the rest, and shows that he is so by carrying a pistol and using it, on his father for instance, we do not think the community should be greatly surprised thereat. If the wind is sown, it is proverbial that the whirlwind must be reaped.

The flashy sensational story papers and novels are educating into a condition of theatrical ruffianism a larger class of youths than is dreamed of, and Mr. Frank Walworth is probably not in any sense a wicked boy. He is rather a hero of the cheap dramatic sort, who murders in a bombastic, theatrical manner, and, if he is hanged, will probably regret, most of all, that the usual stage blue fire must be omitted from the performance.—*Phila. Inquirer.*

THE recent arrest in Boston of a man known by the name of Robert L. Dudley, and numerous other names, has brought to light the details of a most curious plan to rob the mails which for a long time Dudley successfully pursued. He had an accomplice named R. W. Wales, formerly employed as a railroad post office clerk, but who had resigned in order to go into other business. The new business in which Wales was ostensibly engaged required him to travel a great deal, and taking advantage of his acquaintance with his old associates on the postal cars running on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad he gained access to those cars, notwithstanding the rules prohibiting the admission of outsiders, and under the pretence of relieving the monotony of his journeyings volunteered his assistance in distributing the mails. While thus engaged he managed to conceal and get away with large numbers of letters, some of which contained money and drafts. The stolen drafts were cashed in a manner worthy of the greatest professor of Addition, Division and Silence. This portion of the business was taken in charge by Dudley, who would assume a different name in each place where he carried on his operations. Selecting a suitable town or city for his purpose, he would establish himself in some reputable business calculated to commend him to the confidence of business men, after which he would forge an endorsement on the draft he wished to collect, and send it by express for payment. The draft, being genuine, would be cashed; and before the fraud was discovered Mr. Dudley would sell out his business and migrate to another locality, where he would repeat the same operation under a different name. This hazardous game was played in many different places with complete success, and the bold rascal was only caught at last by his confederate Wales, who had been detected in pilfering letters, breaking the rule of silence. Dudley, when arrested, was living under the name of E. H. Purcell, at Mattapan, near Boston, where he had purchased a fine cottage, and furnished it elegantly, from the proceeds of his Addition and Division.

A "STRAWBERRY MARK" STORY.—A long-lost child has been recovered in Montreal chiefly by means of the picuresque and conventional mark of the strawberry. Thirty years ago, when a little creature at play in the streets of Quebec, he was stolen by the Indians—of course—and adopted by an ancient squaw. Not until she was on her death-bed did he, then grown up, learn the secret of his life. She could not remember the name of his family, but gave him one approaching in sound as nearly as possible. He endeavored straightway to solve the [mysterious question of his identity, but time, the change in the name and his ignorance of the city, foiled his inquiries, and he gave up in despair. Any reader of the average weekly story-paper will readily see what came next. An acquaintance of his family came to Montreal, where he was romantically engaged as a hatter, and was so struck by his resemblance to the said family that he immediately wrote to the lost boy's mother. She rejoined with statements as to the strawberry mark on his arm, quickly followed her letter, recognized her son, and all was joy.

—There is a smile or two in this from the New Albany, Ind., *Ledger*: "A party residing at Elizabeth, bearing semblance to a man, sold his wife to a man living in that village for the sum of $250 the other day. The woman is now engaged in getting a divorce at this term of the court. After this business is disposed of the happy couple will be united in the bonds of matrimony. The bravet husband is stone blind and is possessed of some means. The ex-husband jogs along on a lumber wagon, the proud possessor of $250 in cash and feeling much relieved at being well rid of a worthless woman."

News and Political Items.

—Stokes is to have a new trial.

—A Milwaukee girl is an accomplished cabinet maker.

—One woman has set out 2,000 [illegible] trees in Greeley, Col.

—Bingham, of Ohio, has accepted a Japan mission. Pity the poor Japs.

—The Democratic constituents of Congressman Lamison, of Ohio, are grooming him rough shod on the salary grab.

—Toledo, Ohio, suffered from a destructive fire Saturday morning, losing $100,000. Cincinnati, on Sunday, lost $100,000 by fire.

—The loss by the burning of the Alhambria palace near London on Monday is estimated at $3,000,000. There was an insurance of only $600,000.

—A Missouri girl washed all day, ate a supper of twelve boiled eggs, and danced all night. The funeral procession was nearly a mile long.

—A cat in Springfield, Ill., upset a kerosene lamp blazing up in a dark manner in the night, waked the man of the house and got him to fix it.

—Victoria Woodhull is reported seriously ill. Trial of the indictment against her, Blood and others, has been in the meantime indefinitely postponed.

—Stokes is to have another chance for his life, the Court of Appeals having reversed the Supreme Court. It seems a hard matter to hang a man in New York if he has money and influential friends.

—The farmers of Carroll county have passed the following pithy resolution the other day: "Resolved, that the increase of Congressional salaries in these hard times is an infernal outrage upon the working people of the country."

—Five girls, neither of them over twenty years of age, have entered 320 acres of land in Kansas, and intend to make a farm of it. All but two of these girls are graduates of Eastern schools, and all of them are proficient in agricultural industry.

—On Monday morning last an Irishman, living at St. Paul, filled a barrel with sugar from the ground into which it was delivered of twins that night and two days thereafter did the wash-lady family of ten persons. Other States are trying to bring on their specimen women.

—There is a curious relic to be seen in the Holy Trinity Church, Minories, nothing less remarkable than the skull of the Duke of Sussex, the father of Lady Jane Gray. It is kept in a small [illegible]. There is a mark as from a cut with a knife on the neck. The skin is very like parchment.

—Squaw Matilda, who has figured in the Modoc war, is said to be a female of mean capacity, who lives with a white man and keeps his domicile as tidy as a white woman could. She is an artist in sketching, and with a pencil and a piece of paper will strike off at sight an Arab, Chinaman or Modoc, with graphic truth.

—The Commissioner of Internal Revenue writes that the office does not approve the practice of cutting forty or fifty pound packages of plug tobacco into small packages for sale, and tobacco offered for sale or exposed for sale in half boxes or packages with marks of brand caution notices attached, on which the law reserves, is liable to seizure and confiscation.

—The Illinois, fourth of the new steamships to ply between Philadelphia and Liverpool, was launched at the former port on Saturday. From the reports received of the trip of the Pennsylvania it is considered that this line will prove reliable and popular. Though that vessel sustained an accident, she made good time, and in other respects a very pleasant passage.

—An exchange thus describes a scene: The unfortunate man seems to have climbed the tree, made a noose of his suspenders, and hanged himself to the limb, where for two months his remains have been hanging, beaten by the rain, stirred by the sun, swung and swayed by the winds, while his requiem was sung by the branches of the pines in grander strains than were ever breathed from the organ.

—The Milford (Del.) *News* has discovered a new enemy to the peaches. It is a sort of weevil, which, under the microscope bears strong resemblance in color and motion to the black heart-worm of corn, though unlike that, it can envelop itself by a web. It is thought it is [illegible] outside of the bud, eats its way in, and then speedily departs. It attacks also the Hale's Early, thus far.

—The invention of the circular saw is generally attributed to Captain Knight, of Maine, who died a few weeks ago at the age of eighty-nine. The circular saw was invented by Mr. Murray, of Mansfield, England, an old servant of the Byron family, to Lord Byron, the poet, often speaks in his letters as "Old Joe Murray." The saw of the kind ever made is still in use by his descendants.

—Frank H. Walworth, aged 19, shot and killed his father, Mason Walworth, in the Sturtevant House, on the morning of the 3d inst. The boy was an author, and boarded at the house named, away from his family. The cause of trouble is assigned as the cause of the remedy. Young Walworth, who lives at Saratoga, directly after the shooting went to the Twenty-ninth precinct police station and surrendered himself.

—The Missouri editors at their convention formally resolved that a man has the same right to walk into a grocery store and order a barrel of sugar or a sack of coffee, or into a law office and demand a certain legal opinion from its occupant, or into an undertaker's and request a coffin without expecting to pay for their respective goods or services, as into a newspaper office and demand the use of its brains and columns and type, without a thought of remuneration.

—Captain Jack is said by a North Carolina paper to be no other than Henry Lowery, the leader of the "Swamp Angels." Another declares that he is credited to him in Yreka bank. His predecessor in the leadership of the Modocs is said by the Albany (Oregon) Democrat to be Joaquin Miller, the "poet of the Sierras." The last Overland Monthly contains an interesting sketch of the Modocs, giving their true name is Moadoc and that before the war they numbered two thousand and fifty.

—The beauty of the emotional insanity plea, as an excuse for the release of murderers, has received a fresh illustration in St. Louis. A little more than a year ago Joseph H. Fore murdered Minnie Beach, an invalid brother-in-law. He was tried, and acquitted on the ground of emotional insanity. He has now attempted murder his wife, his effort being frustrated by the coil of hair on her head. There is just as much propriety in declaring Captain Jack innocent of the Canby murder on a score of insanity, as the various instances in whose behalf the plea is set up.

—The Modoc squaws enjoy some rights, and fight in battle as freely as men. In 1754, when Capt. Jolly was fighting against the Modocs and Shastokes on the Klamath, north of Yreka, women frequently seen among the Indians fighting, and sometimes found among the dead. One day the enemy came suddenly upon him, advancing rapidly over the brow of a hill, and filling the air with a perfect shower of arrows. But not a male Indian was in sight. Before them, in solid array of battle, their women were moving to the charge, while their warriors stood in a line behind them, discharging their arrows between.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - June 13, 1873.

S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., 10 State Street, Boston, 37 Park Row, New York, and 701 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, are our Agents for procuring advertisements for this paper in the above named cities, and authorized to contract for advertising at our lowest rates.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—Ho to the St. Augustine pic-nic next Tuesday.

—Abundance of much needed rain Tuesday night.

—Don't forget the delegate election Saturday week.

—John Sanders has made up his mind not to die after all.

—The Cresson Springs' summer resort will be opened for visitors next Tuesday, 17th.

—Eight hundred and ten tons of steel rails were made at the Johnstown steel works last week.

—For reverential sa well as prudential reasons we issue our paper this week one day in advance of the usual time.

—The Dauntless Fire Company has secured the services of the Ebensburg Cornet Band for their Fourth of July pic-nic.

—A fall of coal killed a miner named Maxwell, in one of the Derby Coal Co.'s mines, Centre county, on Friday morning last.

—The Bedford Springs postoffice has been discontinued, and mail matter for that place will henceforth be delivered at Bedford.

—As hay-making time approaches the largest in Huntley's big stock of scythes, mowing machines, hay rakes, hay forks, &c., increaseth.

—Aspirants for political honors, ourself only excepted, have been doing their "level best" among attendants at Court during the present and past week.

—A heifer was struck and killed by a locomotive at Tipton, one morning last week, and then carried all the way to Huntingdon on the cow-catcher.

—In the case of Mrs. Virginia Black vs. Samuel Horrel, damage in civil suit for slander, on trial this week, each party was required to pay one-half the costs.

—About one hundred and fifty cords of wood were destroyed by fire, communicated by a passing locomotive, at Partage Station, on Saturday evening last.

—Mr. Peter Collins, one of our oldest and best citizens, is confined to his bed by sickness, but, in common with all his friends, we hope for his speedy recovery.

—Cambria county has just been relieved of a rattlesnake thirteen feet long and six inches in circumference, a man named Young having killed it and four rattlesnakes the same day.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* is responsible for the assertion that an illicit child, whatever that kind of a child that is, with only one leg was born at Plans No. 5, O. P. R. R., on last week.

—The back-hair on a young Hollidaysburg lady recently married cost $125.—Some chap who married her is wondering how he'll do when she wants to be re-married, as he only gets $8 per week.

—Daniel Devlin, son of our old-time friend John Devlin, of Conemaugh borough, was among the number raised to the dignity of priesthood at St. Michael's Church, Pittsburgh, on Saturday last.

—A young man named Samuel Reininger, son of Jacob Reininger, of Chest township, died of spotted fever, on Saturday morning last, after ten or twelve hours' illness. His age was about twenty years.

—Wm. Campbell, a freight brakeman, was run over by several cars near New Germantown, on Tuesday afternoon, and died from his injuries in less than two hours thereafter. The deceased resided in Lagrange, Indiana.

—John Price, alias Miller, of Altoona, was found dead in the casting house of the Bell charcoal furnace, Lebanon county, one night last week. He had come to his place the evening before his corpse was discovered.

—The following is the ticket nominated on Monday in Indiana county: Assembly, Daniel Ramey; Treasurer, Geo. Wilson; Commissioner, Samuel G. Jury Commissioner, John Robertson; Auditor, Joseph Griffith.

—Mrs. Mary Farrell, wife of James Farrell, of Marklesburg, Huntingdon county, walked down and run over by a train on the Broad Top Railroad, while on the track Wednesday evening last, and was instantly killed.

—Judge Dean was called home by the serious illness of his wife on Tuesday night last, and his place on the bench on Wednesday morning has been occupied by Judge Hall, of Bedford, who is to fill the position with entire satisfaction to all concerned.

—The Westmoreland county Democrats have nominated Dr. H. P. Piper and James Cree for Assembly, R. W. Singur for Prothonotary, Simon S. Miller for Treasurer, Geo. W. Frick for Clerk of Courts, and other unobjectionable men for the balance of the offices.

—Wm. Graham, conductor of the Tyrone freight train, was caught between two cars at Hollidaysburg, on Monday evening last, and had his right leg so terribly crushed that it survived his injuries only about two hours and a half. He leaves a wife and child, who resside in Tyrone.

—Mr. Jon Evans, of this place, was last week admitted to the practice of the law, having undergone an examination which did infinite credit to himself and his preceptor, Geo. M. Reade, Esq. We wish the newly-fledged a long and prosperous career in his chosen profession.

—Mr. Satcher, of Huntingdon, has invented what he calls an electric railway signal, which by means of ordinary telegraph wires operating on signal bells enables moving trains to announce their own approach for several rods, or several miles in advance or in the rear of them.

—"Putting a head" on a man rather mars than improves his appearance, but putting a head on a paper, especially if it is such a neat head as the one donned this week by the Altoona *Morning Tribune*, adds muchly to its beauty, even when, as in this case, there seemed no room for improvement.

—Samuel McCreary, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad, residing in Franklin borough, this county, had one of his arms crushed last Friday, near Derry, by having it caught between two cars which he was in the act of coupling. The bone was not broken, but the flesh was torn and lacerated severely.

—The base of a cast-iron sand-box fell from the top of a locomotive boiler, in the Pa. R. R. Co.'s machine shop, Altoona, on Tuesday, and striking a man named Roseberry, crushed him to the floor and lacerated his head, arms, legs, and two of his toes in a shocking manner, so much so indeed that his life is despaired of.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has issued, for free distribution, a valuable illustrated guide book, which gives the distances to various points, cost of travel, and other information valuable to tourists, relating to the regions traversed by its extensive and picturesque lines. Ticket agents will supply the books on application.

—We learn with pleasure that Miss Maggie Rhey, the accomplished and handsome daughter of our townsman, John S. Rhey, Esq., was married in Chicago, May 27th, to Lieut. Col. Michael Sheridan, brother of Gen. Phil. Sheridan. She has the best wishes of her many friends in Cambria county for a long and happy wedded life.

—Capt. Wm. Linton, ye popular landlord of the Summit House, has a spy-glass which it is said will fetch a common sized porker, fully two miles away, so close to the instrument that he (the porker) can be heard squealing very distinctly. The Captain tried the machine on J. T. H., of the Altoona *Tribune*, and that's the way the thing was found out.

—John M. Hite was almost instantly killed at the saw-mill of Mr. Louis Plack, on the Allegheny Mountains, five miles west of Altoona, on Friday morning of last week, by being caught by a belt and drawn into a revolving wheel, which carried him around several times in rapid succession and injured him so terribly that he died soon after. He leaves a large family.

—Here he comes. Mr. George Heller, resident of Pennsylvania Furnace, Huntingdon county, aged seventy-seven years, cuts and ranks two and a half cords of wood per day, which is not so slow for a gentleman of his age. The same man missed the train and walked from Altoona to Tyrone Forges, a distance of some seventeen miles, from nine o'clock till four, a week or two since.

—A German named Michel was sitting on a log in the vicinity of the Johnstown depot, on Saturday night last, waiting for the Fast Line West, upon which he intended taking passage, when two men approached, and knocking him down, robbed him of $168. The name of the person who relieved him of this amount is Joseph Redgate, but his accessory is not known. So says the *Tribune*.

—A German named John Early, a resident of Conemaugh borough, died very suddenly, on Saturday night last, under circumstances which induced the belief that he had been poisoned, and that too by his own wife. A coroner's inquest was held and the deceased stomach taken out and sent to Pittsburg for analysis, and in the meantime the suspected woman has been left to come and go as she pleases.

—A married man named William Huff, and a "grass widow" named Angeline Davis, *nee* Haynes, eloped together from Johnstown, on Wednesday night of last week, the former leaving a sickly wife and four children unprovided for, and the latter leaving many relatives and friends to blush for her infamous conduct. The arrest of Huff in Cincinnati has been announced, but the report lacks confirmation.

—John Boylan, the young man whose arrest and subsequent trial and conviction before the U. S. District Court at Pittsburgh on the charge of cutting open a mail bag at Cresson has already been noted in these columns, was on Friday last sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary. Boylan's age is a little past sixteen years, which prevented him from being sent to the House of Refuge instead of the Penitentiary.

—Geo. W. Lloyd, jr., and Wm. Baum, of Susquehanna township, found guilty last week on two indictments for receiving stolen goods, were sentenced, on Monday evening last, to pay a fine $10 and costs, and undergo one year's imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary on each indictment; and Martin Oaks, of same township, convicted of larceny, was sentenced to pay a fine of $20 and costs, and undergo two years' imprisonment in the same institution.

—Horace Atkins, the lad whom we noticed last week as having sustained a severe fracture of his right leg, caused by falling from a wagon loaded with lumber, and being caught under one of the wheels and dragged for some distance, died at the residence of his parents in the East Ward about 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning last, from lock-jaw, the result of his severe injuries. His age was about 9 years, and he was a bright and promising lad. The afflicted parents have our sympathies.

—A Gallitzin correspondent sends the Altoona *Tribune* the following item: "Mr. Gilson, of this place, is the owner of a piece of paper money of the value of twenty shillings. This script was issued in accordance with a provision of a resolution of the Assembly of Pennsylvania, passed November 18, 1775, that being the sixteenth year of the reign of George III, King of England. It is dated Philadelphia, December 3, 1775, and is signed by Messrs. Kenleer, Griffith, and Leach. This is a genuine document, and no copy. Any body who can beat this is requested to speak out."

A GHOSTLY CONVENTION.—"Ye local" of the Johnstown *Tribune*, who goes in on sensations with a vim that is perfectly astounding, dishes up a hair-straightening chapter on ghosts in Tuesday evening's issue of that paper, but very considerately leaves the reader to form his own opinion as to the truth or falsity of the blood-curdling story. The scene of the ghostly exploits is laid near Lilly's Station, this county, at a point where not less than nineteen persons, all told, are said to have been hurried into eternity through the agency of railroad accidents and like casualties. We extract:

"On Thursday evening of last week, a reputable watchman, who has been in the habit of carefully avoiding that portion of his beat, concluded to pass over it, and it was not many minutes until he was back in the village, and waking up a landlord, he told a most horrifying tale. He said that as he approached the locality where so many had met with a violent death, he noticed a form bearing the semblance of a man, but yet wanting in many important particulars. He was minus both legs, and various large-sized chunks of flesh were missing from different portions of his body. The most singular part connected with this apparition, or whatever it might be called, was the fact, that in one hand he held a large-sized bag, and while apparently floating along on space, he came to a point where two mangled limbs were lying. These were hastily thrust into the bag, as also several pieces of human flesh that were found lying in the vicinity.

"Such was the story told by the affrighted watchman, and when morning dawned his tale soon became public property. It was now resolved to enter into an investigation of this serious matter, and accordingly three of the boldest spirits in the village of Hemlock appointed themselves a committee to watch during the following night for the re-appearance of the ghostly visitant. It must have been a good night for ghosts, for scarcely had the hour hand pointed to the figure twelve, when not one disembodied spirit, but nineteen, made their appearance. They assumed the shapes which had belonged to them in life, with the trifling exception that a general assortment of limbs were missing, and one of the spirits cut rather a ridiculous looking figure by appearing without a head. They slowly and solemnly arranged themselves along the track, and at a given signal all were seated. The three watchers were not alarmed at this unusual proceeding, in fact they appeared to relish the strange view thus brought out in bold relief as the bright moon shone down upon the ghastly spectacle. What might have resulted from this convention of spirits the sequel will not relate, for about the time the spokesman appeared to be in the act of calling the meeting to order the shrieking whistle of an approaching engine threw them into a violent agitation, and before the committee, who were anxiously waiting for proceedings to open, had time to rub their eyes, the nineteen spirits had vanished into thin air.

"We don't ask any person to believe this on our say so. The story was told us at Cresson, on Sunday last, by a man who could not be persuaded to utter an untruth—particularly on the Sabbath. Any person unwilling to credit it can go up to Lilly's and examine into the matter for himself."

AN EBENSBURGER KILLED NEAR HARRISBURG.—It will be remembered by our readers that a note was made of the fact some months ago that Mr. Wm. D. Davis, of this place, who some time previous had become sadly demented in mind, had been removed to the Insane Asylum, near Harrisburg, for medical treatment. Since then nothing was heard in regard to him, except by those immediately interested in his welfare, until Tuesday last, when a telegram reached his friends here announcing the finding of his dead body near the Susquehanna bridge, six miles east of Harrisburg, on that morning. Later advices by mail inform us that the unfortunate man's head was almost severed from his body, and the presumption is that both a freight and passenger train had passed over his neck some time during the night. The deceased had escaped from the State Lunatic Asylum two days previous, and a search had been instituted for him by the officers of the institution, but without avail. It is thought he was trying to make his way home when overtaken by the fearful accident which so tragically ended his joyless life. The remains were brought here and interred in Lloyd cemetery yesterday afternoon. The carelessness which permitted his escape from the asylum, where he was taken for safe keeping, has elicited considerable comment in this community, and an explanation from the authorities of that institution, if they have any to make, would seem to be called for.

—We are glad to learn that a good oil strike Las recently been made near Petrolia, Butler county, by a company of Cambria county gentlemen, prominent among whom is our patron and friend, Mr. Jas. D. Plummer, of Summerhill, Croyle township, the other members being D. W. Luke, Dr. John Luke and Elias Paul, of the same place. It is not known, as yet, what the capacity of the well really is, but enough is known to indicate that it will prove what is termed a good paying well, and we are sure we are glad to note the success of the gentlemen named, who well deserve the good luck that has befallen them.

—A young man in our neighboring town of Indiana, seduced a young lady, under promise of marriage, more than two years ago, and left suddenly for the West, in order to escape the consequences of his villainy. A half brother of the injured lady procured a requisition from Governor Geary, and following the fellow for two years, finally captured him at Lincoln, Nebraska, a couple of weeks ago. He returned with his prisoner last week, and had him put under bail for trial.

—On the Western Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, a few days since, a child two and a half years old crawled from a house to the track, in front of an approaching train. The train was checked after the engine and four cars passed over it, when the child was rescued without receiving serious injury. The mother was prevented by a workman from rushing under the cars after her babe while the train was still in motion.

R. H. SINGER, one of Johnstown's most energetic business men, is in town attending Court as a juror. If you want a good spring or road wagon, or a tip-top buggy, Mr. Singer is the man to see or write to about the matter, as he can supply your wants on the most reasonable terms. Years ago he began business in Ebensburg, but believing that there was a good opening in Johnstown, he removed to that place, and is now doing the best business in that line in the county.

Communications.

JOHNSTOWN, June 8, 1873.

MR. EDITOR—The traveler, in passing through a country, frequently observes beauties or defects, which, from having become familiarized to the citizens, are unobserved. Thus the writer, recently passing from Cresson to Ebensburg, was feasted upon the sublime beauty of the natural scenery, and could not help exclaiming:

"For the beauty of the hills we bless Thee, Our God—our Father's God!"

But, turning from natural advantages to the condition of fields, fences, and dwellings, the contrast was painful in the extreme. The whole country denuded of the glorious old forests and farmed—to death. Orchards hoary with moss, fences tumbling down, and buildings sinking in decay.

When the train stopped at the station the whole story was revealed—selling lumber, and buying bread and meat!

You who know me can well understand that I am writing in no fault-finding or captious spirit, but to rouse the good citizens of the county to the spirit of improvement. One word here. No one respects the citizens of the county more highly than the writer, who knows that whenever their country has called them to defend her rights, they have ever been in the front. Through the snows of winter and the heats of summer they toil on—ever frugal and honest, virtuous and intelligent.

But they have been laboring without that judgment and forethought which they should exercise, and the time has now come to *stop and think*. The first thing is to STOP cutting timber. This has gone too far already. The next thing is to *make manure* and keep the land in grass as much as possible. These points shall be more fully wrought out in a future number; but there is a suggestion which it is proper to make here. The fields look so large and desolate, and the winds sweep over them with such fury as to carry away the protecting and fertilizing snows of winter into the "cuts" of the railroad. The remedy lies close at hand. There are thousands of fine stocky hemlocks, from two to five feet high, growing in the ravines and all over the woods which have been "chopped" over. These could be planted in close rows through the fields, at suitable intervals, forming most excellent screens or wind-breaks. If hedges of this kind were planted along the cuts of the railroad, they would almost entirely save the "blockades" which have become so troublesome. They should be planted about twenty or twenty-five feet from the edge of the road, leaving room for the snow to lie on the bank.

Having made these suggestions, perhaps it is best to stop for the present, in order that they may be considered. W. L. A.

MR. EDITOR—The experience of former County Conventions has fully demonstrated the impossibility of keeping the delegates in the Court room after the important nominations have been made. All interest in the further proceedings of the convention is then cast aside and delegates, as well those who are pleased as those who are dissatisfied with the result as far as ascertained, leave the room—some returning at intervals, but many not again putting in an appearance. The consequence is, that some of the nominations are made by a *minority* instead of a *majority* of the convention. There is a sure and effective remedy for the cure of this evil. Let the coming County Convention, as soon as it is organized, adopt a resolution that in making the nominations it will begin *at the bottom of the list and go up in regular order to the highest office*. If this is done, the delegates can be held together by the strongest personal motives, and if it is *not* done, the scenes at former conventions will be re-enacted. Under this *reversed* mode of proceeding, the following would be the order of business and nominations: 1st. The election of a delegate to the State Convention. 2d. The election of three conferees to choose a Senatorial delegate to the State Convention. 3d. The election of a Chairman of the Executive County Committee. 4th. The nomination for County Auditor. 5th. Coroner. 6th. Poor House Director. 7th. County Commissioner. 8th. Treasurer. 9th. Sheriff. 10th. Assembly.

I recommend this matter to the serious consideration of the Convention, and trust that a resolution of the kind indicated will be adopted. As no possible harm can result from it, but much substantial benefit, it ought not to encounter any opposition.

A FORMER DELEGATE.

MR. EDITOR—Although the office of County Auditor is not generally regarded as of much consequence, it is really one of very great importance, and requires a first-rate man intelligently to discharge its duties. It is an office of honor and not of profit, and one which no man in the county ought to be ashamed to fill, or refuse to accept. It is, therefore, to be hoped that the next County Convention, in the selection of a candidate, will not act hastily, but with due deliberation. I want to see a Board of County Auditors assemble next January which can discharge its duties *without the aid and assistance of a clerk*, as has been the case for some years past. The Auditors have no legal right to employ a clerk at the expense of the county. If they cannot perform their duties, and are compelled to have a clerk, they ought to pay him themselves out of their own salaries. The nomination by the County Convention of a man of sound judgment and good clerical qualifications will obviate the necessity of and remove the excuse for the appointment of a clerk, or *fourth* Auditor. Trifling as the matter may appear to some persons, it is nevertheless one in which the people of the county have a deep interest, and ought therefore to be carefully considered and judiciously disposed of by the Convention. A DEMOCRAT.

COMMENCED ITS THIRD YEAR.

We are in receipt of the Pittsburgh PEOPLES MONTHLY (Illustrated), for June. This number keeps fully up, in the excellence of its illustrations and the variety of its reading matter, with those which have gone before. A new serial called "Scarlet" is commenced and many original contributions from writers of repute promised. June begins this monthly's third year. The publication of an illustrated 16-page paper out West, was rather a hazardous enterprise, but we are glad to know that the venture is a successful one. The circulation is over double that of last year, and it bears on every page the impress of prosperity. With its beautiful illustrations for the home; its fine tinted paper; its "Household" and "Boys and Girls" departments, we don't know a paper in the country which surpasses it in elegant appearance, or attractiveness. It now *gives away* to every subscriber a very choice and rich chromo, or a 24x30 inch engraving. The fact that it has over one thousand ministers on its lists, should be a sufficient guarantee to families that, as a paper for their *home*, it is arrayed on the side of virtue, purity, and morality. Price only $1.50 per year. Agents wanted, on big commission, in every section. Address PEOPLES MONTHLY, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE MAN in the moon was looking at the made-up clothing of James J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, the other night, with the evident intention of making a purchase. He can't shine without a new suit from Murphy, neither can the young men of Cambria county shine unless they go and do likewise. Murphy is the cheapest and clevcrest man to buy from you ever read about.

Local Correspondence.

JOHNSTOWN, June 11, 1873.

DEAR FREEMAN—There are three landscape views from Ebensburg, one south, one east, and one west, that cannot be excelled anywhere, either by nature or art, which I rise to remark is admired not only by your correspondent, but by T. J. C. and all other persons of good taste.

A. Blain, of Ebensburg, has the neatest barber-shop in Western Pennsylvania. There are one hundred and forty private boxes, with mugs and sponges, all as clean as a new pin. Mr. Blain has been for fourteen years a barber in your town, which accounts for his prosperity.

The bar of Ebensburg is composed of as noble a set of good-looking men as can be found in the State of the Glades, or any other State. They are kind, genial, social, sober, intelligent, unsophisticated, and anti-pre-desti-digatatorial gentlemen, any one of them, and all as hearty-looking as the editor of the *Freeman*. But the bench exceeds the bar in good looks fully as much as the heathen Chinee exceeds the swarthy Modoc.

Politicians are indigenous to the soil of Ebensburg, and are as abundant as lightning bugs in June, only not so full of light.

The case of Trefts *vs.* Pitts occupied the first day and part of another in Court. This was an action of ejectment to recover some land near Johnstown. The case was tried twenty years ago. Verdict for *defendants*.

It tried to rain in Ebensburg, on Tuesday, but that place being 20,000 feet above the level of the sea, it couldn't rain.

While your correspondent was at the county-seat, the good people of Conemaugh borough were shocked by the sudden death of a German resident of that place named John Early, and it was hinted that poison was the cause. You will no doubt obtain the facts before you issue your paper.

The bridge across the Conemaugh river, near the Johnstown station, has been condemned as not safe, and a fording opened over the river below.

Cham. Roberts, of Ebensburg, has the biggest window in existence, except the windows of heaven. He is an enterprising man and a sociable gentleman. Mr. Zahm, of the same place, has taken the *stay* on his big window for one year.

The "exaggeration of nothing" was in your town, but I couldn't get a glimpse of him. So was the man that eats eggs.

The Modoc war still continues between the editors of the Johnstown papers, but this is none of our business.

A case of elopement took place in this borough last week, which aroused the wonder of all our citizens. A woman, named Angeline Davis, formerly Angeline Haynes, of a very respectable family, eloped with one William Huff, boss of the engine shop of the Cambria Iron Company. Mr. Huff had a wife and four children, but, tempted in an evil hour by the charms and fascinations of an *Angeline*, he borrowed $100 from one man and $60 from another, and left with his darling duleinia for Chicago. We understand he has been arrested in Cincinnati. His bereaved family lives in a house on Franklin street, adjoining the store of M. P. Meagher. The wife is almost crazed by this sad event. It is thought that Huff will return, even if he is not arrested, as soon as his money runs out. Angeline Haynes, once a lovely girl, has forfeited the trust and confidence of all her relatives and friends, and will never be able to retrieve her character. She visited Pittsburgh some time ago in the capacity of a ——. Let all young girls take warning!

John B. Ross, Esq., of Blacklick township, informs us that the township aforesaid always pays its debts, and still has a little money left. This is right. A township that sent ninety-six men to the war out of one hundred and fifteen voters deserves a favorable notice. Sorry, Mr. Ross, for that little mistake, but you must blame the 'Squire. You and the School Board are all O. K.

A letter from a Chinese friend in California states that blackberries were ripe on the 25th of May, and that harvest would commence on the first of June.

Presuming that you will have your hands full this week electioneering, and hoping for your final success on the day of nominations, I remain

Yours, in *Chinese*, PO YANG.

The Beautiful New Chromo, "Pet."

This is the appropriate name of a *new*, superb, and *wonderfully taking* 16x20 inch chromo, made in Boston by the best chromo-maker of the country, and now the *exclusive* property of the Pittsburgh PEOPLES MONTHLY, the popular, *illustrated* paper for the *home*. Large and elegant as it is, it is *given* away "in the sheet" to every subscriber at only $1.50 a year. Everybody has by this time heard of this monthly. It has just entered its third year, has a very rapidly-growing circulation, and over one thousand ministers on its list; universally popular, and with its tinted paper and elegant typography, it is as beautiful a paper as is published in this, or any other country. It makes *home* matters a specialty; its illustrations are generally in that line, and once taken, it becomes *indispensable* to mothers and children. Good agents are allowed a very large commission and are now netting on it from *ten to twenty dollars per day*, depending on the agent and locality. *Exclusive* territory allotted *live* agents if applied for at once, and good references given. Send for sample and agents' circular. *The best chance out for good workers.* Address PEOPLES MONTHLY, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WHAT NEXT?—This brilliant little magazine is enlarged, beginning with the June number, and now presents an amount of excellent reading and illustrations that seems quite marvelous, considering the trifling price asked for it. It also brings out a new Chromo, called *Wealth of the Woods*, representing a Winter Wren perched on a ground work of Wood Moss, with a cluster of Autumn Leaves in the back-ground, and a delicate little Vine with green leaves, and richly-colored Winter Berries in front. It is a picture of extraordinary beauty. Terms of the Magazine, 40 cents a year, with the Chromo free to each subscriber. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

I. T. COPPOCK, under the Opera House, Main street, Johnstown, No. 112, is the topic. I. T. Coppock is the topic—well that's poetry, but we may as well say that his big show window outshines the June roses themselves. Who can paint like nature? Coppock. Who can lose these beautiful colors in each other? Coppock. Nature's self is outdone in the flowers, ribbons, silks, satins, hats, bonnets and dress goods of I. T. Coppock, who is about as clever a man to buy from as ever wielded a yardstick.

HE that steals my purse steals trash, but he that buys made-up clothing from S. J. Hess & Bro., Johnstown, gets the genuine stuff, strong, well made, well cut, and well sewed. Hess might have taken the prize at the Vienna Exposition, for cleverness and tact in selling ready-made clothing at No. 141 Main street, Johnstown, but then he didn't want it. He would rather have lots of good fellows from the mountain swoops down on him and buy every man a full suit at honest prices.

M. BOSSART & Co., successors to John J. Murphy, Johnstown are doing a rushing business in the dry goods line. The people flock to see their charming new goods, like pigeons resort to a buckwheat field in September. And no marvel, for they keep choice and cheap dry goods, and are adepts in the art of selling at popular prices. Give them a call.

SOME people may talk about the big stock of flour, feed and groceries they keep; and others may try to induce persons to buy by declaring they sell very cheap. Yet this bear in mind, nowhere will you find, though you seek o'er and o'er, better flour and feed, and other things that you need, than at E. J. Mills' cheap store. Try his choice teas.

THE RIGHT WAY.—The way to get rich is to spend less money than you earn, and the proper way to do this is to buy where you can buy the cheapest, and buy only what you need. Myers & Lloyd's great mercantile mart offers the best inducements to cash purchasers in this region. Goods very cheap, very select, and very abundant.

For Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion Depression of Spirits, and General Debility, in their various forms, FERRO-PHOSPHORATED ELIXER OF CALISAYA made by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic. As a stimulant tonic for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal. If taken during the season, it prevents fever and ague and other intermittent fevers. [5-16.-ly.]

HYMENEAL.

SMITH—HUGHES.—Married, on Tuesday afternoon last, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. J. G. Thomas, Mr. THOS. SMITH, of Altoona, and Miss MARY J. HUGHES, daughter of Morgan Hughes, Esq., of this place.

REILLY—MCCORMICK.—Married, on the 23d ult., at the residence of Rt. Rev. Bishop Shanahan, Harrisburg, by Rev. Father M'Bride, Mr. THOMAS E. REILLY, of Lewistown, and Miss LENORE M'CORMICK, of Allegheny City.

OBITUARY.

EVANS.—Died, on Saturday afternoon last, at the residence of her son-in-law, Ex-Sheriff Blair, Mrs. MARY EVANS, relict of Thomas O. Evans, aged 76 years, 2 months and 21 days.

The deceased, whose maiden name was Brawley, a family well and favorably known in Cambria and adjoining counties, was born in the County Derry, Ireland, but was brought to this country when a mere child, her parents first locating for a few years in Lancaster county, from whence they removed in the year 1805 to the place now owned and occupied by a brother of the deceased, Mr. Michael Brawley, near Portage, this county. Mrs. Evans was therefore a resident of Cambria county for fully sixty-eight years, and may be said to have witnessed its rise and progress from earliest infancy to its present prosperous maturity.—Throughout her long and eventful life she conscientiously fulfilled all the duties of daughter, sister, wife, and neighbor, and having been earnest and sincere in her religious devotions, a model of Christian charity and true piety, there is every reason to hope that she has received the crown of immortal life and never-ending felicity. Her remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery in this place on Monday, the funeral being one of the largest ever witnessed in our midst. May she rest in peace eternal.

EVANS.—Died, in Cambria township, on Monday last, Mrs. ELIZABETH EVANS, wife of David Evans, aged about 80 years.

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby notified not to interfere in any manner with a BAY MARE purchased by us and left with AUGUSTINE CRAVER, of Susquehanna twp., Cambria county, during our pleasure.

HIPPS & LLOYD.

Susquehanna Twp., June 11, 1873.-3t.*

Estate Notice.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION on the Estate of MICHAEL M'CARTY, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that payment of their respective accounts must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. JOHN H. DOUGLASS.

Clearfield Twp., June 13, 1873.-6t.* Adm'r.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—The undersigned, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county an Auditor to distribute the funds in the hands of the Sheriff of Cambria county arising from the sale of the real estate of Lloyd & Craver, will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, the 1st day of JULY, A. D. 1873, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where parties interested may attend, if they think proper.

JOSEPH M'DONALD, Auditor.

Ebensburg, June 13, 1873.-3t.

STATEMENT of the Auditors' Settlement with the Supervisors of Susquehanna Township for the year 1872:

THOS. J. BYRNE, Supervisor.... DR.

To amount of Duplicate $529 86

CR.

By Work done by Taxables.....	$406 53	
" Exonerations	10 24	
" one Stone Sledge	1 00	
" personal services, 51 days	76 50	$584 27
Due Supervisor		$ 55 41

WM H. LAVERTY, Supervisor.... DR.

To amount of Duplicate $742 88

" " due at last settlement 49 79

$792 67

CR.

By Work done by Taxables	$337 70	
" am't pd. T. J. Byrne, Super'r.	23 47	
" " John Somerville, Aud'r.	1 50	
" " paid for Printing	2 50	
" " " John Beaver, Tp.Clk.	9 00	
" " " G. W. Myers, Aud'r	3 00	
" " " P. Helfrick, Auditor.	3 00	
" Personal services, 75 days....	112 50	$702 67

We, the Auditors of Susquehanna Township, do hereby certify that we have carefully examined the above accounts and find them as above stated.

JOHN SOMMERVILLE, }
PETER HELFRICK, } Auditors.
GEORGE W. MYERS, }

Attest—JOHN BEAVER, Twp. Clerk. [6-13.]

SUSQUEHANNA SCHOOL DISTRICT in account with the Collector and Treasurer of said district for the year 1872:

S. J. LUTHER, Collector, ... DR.

To amount of Duplicate $1,649 77

" " on last year's Duplicate..... 347 52

$1,997 29

CR.

By cash and orders paid—		
John Beaver, Treasurer.....	$ 995 04	
By Lands ret'd to Co. Com'rs..	90 36	
" Exonerations	22 50	
" Commission for collecting..	92 48	$1,199 38
Due District		$ 866 71

JOHN BEAVER, Treasurer, ... DR.

To amount received from S. J. Luther.$ 975 04

" " State appropriation 140 12

" " Unseated Lands, ... 67 76

$1,182 92

CR.

By Orders paid.	$1,185 62	
" am't due from last year's settlement	54 75	
" Interest	2 55	
" Commission, 2 per cent ...	23 71	$1,267 32
Due Treasurer from District		$ 84 40

We, the School Board of Susquehanna Township, have examined the accounts and find them correct, as above stated.

E. T. BAKER,
CHAS. WEAKLAND,
JOHN PORTER,
JOHN SOMMERVILLE,
PETER GARMAN,
JOHN BEAVER,
} Directors.

May 31, 1873. [5 13.-3t.]

MOWING AND REAPING Machines.

THE undersigned takes pleasure in informing the Farmers of Cambria county that he has secured the agency for

THREE OF THE MOST POPULAR AND RELIABLE

MOWERS & REAPERS

Manufactured in the United States, viz:

THE ORIGINAL AND UNSURPASSABLE "ETNA!"

which has given such universal satisfaction in this vicinity during the past four years;

The World-Renowned "BUCKEYE,"

a very simply constructed and light-running Machine. Over 100,000 now in use, with a yearly sale of from 10,000 to 12,000;

and last, but not least, the

SUPERIOR-OR SCREW-POWER MACHINE,

One of the most simple and lightest draught machines in use. Has no cog wheels, unnecessary shafts, or bolts or pieces.

THE SUPERIOR!

was on exhibition at the Johnstown Exposition Fair last Fall, where it was admired by all good judges of such machines.

☞ Farmers wishing to purchase the best MOWER AND REAPER in the market are invited to call and leave their orders early with the undersigned. GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, June 6, 1873.-tf.

STRAY HORSE.—Came to the enclosure of the subscriber, in Chest township, Cambria county, on the 23d day of May, a DARK BAY HORSE, about 7 years old, 12 hands high, and having a little white on his forehead. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away; otherwise he will be disposed of according to law.

ADAM LEIDEN.

Chest Twp., June 6, 1873.-3t.

BARK WANTED.—FOUR THOUSAND CORDS OAK AND HEMLOCK BARK wanted at the new Tannery, Woodvale, Johnstown. Cash paid on delivery. Apply to or address W. H. ROSENSTEEL & SON.

June 6, 1873.-3m.* Johnstown P. O.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney-at-Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street. [4-29.-tf.]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WORKING CLASS MALE OR FEMALE, $60 a week guaranteed. Respectable employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; full instructions and valuable package of goods sent free by mail. Address, with six cents return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 173 Greenwich-st., N. Y.

Picture and BOOK AGENTS

Should address at once for circulars, &c., (which will be sent free,) describing a new and superb work of art, by a popular artist, now nearly ready for delivery, and which is sure to have an enormous sale. Experienced agents should hasten to secure territory. Unusual inducements will be offered those who mean *steady, energetic* work. GEO. MACLEAN, Publisher, 723 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

30th Thousand in Press. Sale increasing. 2,000 more LIVE AGENTS WANTED for our

LIVINGSTONE 28 YEARS IN AFRICA!

over 600 pages, only $2.50. Incomple and inferior works are offered, look out for them. Send for circulars and see proof of the greatest success of the season. Pocket Companion worth $10 mailed free. HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, 723 Sansom street, Philadelphia.

NEVER

Neglect a Cough. Nothing is more certain to lay the foundation for future evil consequences. *WELLS' CARBOLIC TABLETS* are a sure cure for all diseases of the Respiratory Organs, Sore Throat, Colds, Croup, Diphtheria, Asthma, Catarrh, Hoarseness, Dryness of the Throat, Windpipe, or Bronchial Tubes, and all Diseases of the Lungs.

In all cases of sudden cold, however taken, these TABLETS should be promptly and freely used. They equalize the circulation of blood, mitigate the severity of the attack, and will, in a very short time, restore healthy action to the affected organs.

WELLS' CARBOLIC TABLETS are put up only in *blue boxes*. Take no substitutes, they can't be found at your druggists, *send at once to the Agent in New York*, who will forward them by return mail. Don't be Deceived by Imitations. Sold by druggists. Price 25 cts. per box.

JOHN Q. KELLOGG, 18 Platt-st., N. York. Send for Circular. Sole Agent for U. States.

CANVASSING BOOKS SENT FREE FOR

PROF. FOWLER'S GREAT WORK

On Manhood, Womanhood and their Mutual Interrelations; Love, Its Laws, Power, &c.

Agents are selling from 20 to 30 copies of this work a day, and we send a canvassing book free to any book agent. Address, stating experience, &c., NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philad'a, Pa.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS and Papers.

CATALOGUES SUPPLIED BY

AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,

No. 1122 Chestnut Street,

6-13.-4w. PHILADELPHIA.

AGENTS WANTED!

CAST ADRIFT! CAST ADRIFT!

A companion to the famous "Three Years in a Man-Trap" and "Ten N

The New Game and Fish Law.

That our readers may be thoroughly posted on these points, and thus avoid making themselves liable to a prosecution through ignorance of the law, we publish the following summary of the late act defining the time and manner in which fish and game of various kinds may be taken within the jurisdiction of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

GAME.

No person shall pursue or kill any deer, save only from the first day of September to the first day of January, in any year.—The pursuit of deer with dogs is forbidden at all times. Trapping of deer, except for family use, is also forbidden. The penalty for the violation of the above law is a fine of $50. Any constable or town official may kill any dog that habitually pursues deer, and the owner thereof is liable to a penalty of $10 for each deer or fawn killed by such dog.

Gray, Black and Fox Squirrels may be killed only from the first day of July until the first day of January, in each year. The penalty for violation of this act is a fine of $5 for each squirrel killed out of season.

Rabbits may be killed from the first day of October until the first day of February, in any year. The penalty for killing out of season is $5, for each rabbit so killed. Hunting rabbits with a ferret is forbidden under a penalty of $10 for each rabbit so caught or killed.

Wild Turkeys may be killed from the first day of October until the first day of January of each year. The penalty for killing out of season is $25 for each Turkey so killed.

Woodcock may be killed from the first day of August until the first day of January of any year. Penalty of $10 for each Woodcock killed out of season.

Field Plover may be killed from the first day of August until the first day of January. Penalty of $10 for each Plover killed out of season.

No person shall kill, or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any Quail or Virginia Partridge, except only from the first day of November until the first day of January of any year. The penalty for killing out of season is $10 for each Partridge so killed.

No person shall kill or trap or have in their possession after the same is killed, any Robin, Nighthawk, Sparrow, Lark, Swallow, Cat-bird, Blue-bird, or any other insectiverous bird, at any time, under a penalty of $5 for each bird so killed.

No person shall rob or destroy the nest or eggs of any wild bird, excepting such birds as are destructive of game and insectiverous birds, under a penalty of $10 for each offence.

No person shall, at any time or place, take any Wild Turkey, Partridge or Quail, or Woodcock by means of any blind, trap, net or any device whatever, under a penalty of $10 for every bird so taken. *Provided*, that nothing in this section shall prevent the trapping of game, for propagation or preservation over winter, from the 20th December to the first day of February next following.

Shooting on Sunday is forbidden under a penalty of $10.

FISH.

No corposation shall throw any culm or coal dirt into any of the waters of this State, under a penalty of $50 for each offence, in addition to liability for all damages inflicted.

No person shall at *any time* catch any speckled trout with any device, save only hook and line, or place any *set-lines* in waters inhabited by them, under a penalty for $25 for each offence.

It shall not be lawful for any person to place any set-net across any of the canals, creeks or rivulets of this State, under a penalty of $25 for each offence.

In any waters of this State inhabited by trout or bass, it shall not be lawful to catch fish with any net the meshes of which shall not be over three inches, under a penalty of $25.

Salmon or speckled trout may be caught from the first day of April until the fifteenth day of August of each year. Penalty for taking out of season, $10 for each fish.

Any person trespassing on any preserve or fish pond is liable to a penalty of $100 to the owner, in addition to damages.

Bass and Pike may be caught from the first day of June until the first day of March, with a hook and line. The penalty for taking out of season, or in any other manner than by hook and line, is $25 for each offence.

No person shall catch any trout, bass or other fish in any of the waters of this State, by shutting or drawing off any portion of said waters, or by drawing small nets or seines therein, when the water shall be partly or wholly drawn off, under a penalty of $25 for each offence.

In all cases where the shooting of game or catching of fish is prohibited in any county or counties for a fixed term of years, by special act, nothing in the above act shall be construed to alter or invalidate such special acts.

It shall be the duty of the Mayors and Burgesses of the cities and towns of this Commonwealth, to require their police and constabulary force, and it is hereby made their duty, and also the duty of the clerks of markets of said town and cities, to search out and arrest all persons violating any of the provisions of this act. Any person having a knowledge of the violation of any of these provisions may make information of the same, and one-half of the penalty shall go to the informer.

—It is an erroneous impression, which prevails to a great extent, that farmers have a right to shoot or injure dogs or other stock which may trespass on their property. The law will not uphold the man in shooting the dog or fowls of his neighbor simply because they are trespassing on his land; or, in other words, no one is allowed to take the execution of the law into his own hands. His legal remedy is in a claim for damages against the owner of the offending stock.

TO PURELY A VEGETABLE PREPARATION, I compound simply of well-known ROOTS, HERBS, and FRUITS, combined with other properties, which in their nature are Cathartic, Aperient, Nutritious, Digestive, Alterative and Anti-bilious. The whole is preserved in a sufficient quantity of spirit from the SUGAR CANE to keep them in any climate, which imbues the

PLANTATION BITTERS

one of the most desirable Tonics and Cathartics in the world. They are intended strictly as a

Domestic Tonic,

only to be used as a medicine, and always according to directions.

They are the sheet-anchor of the feeble and debilitated. They act upon a diseased liver, and stimulate to such a degree, that a healthy action is at once brought about. As a remedy to which Women are especially subject, it is surpassing every other stimulant. As a Spring and Summer Tonic, they have no equal. They are a mild and gentle Purgative as well as Tonic. They Purify the Blood. They are a splendid Appetizer. They make the weak strong. They purify and invigorate. They cure Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Headache. They act as a specific in all species of disorders which undermine the bodily strength and break down the animal spirits.

Depot, 53 Park Place, New York.

LYON'S KATHAIRON

Only 50 Cents per Bottle.

It promotes the GROWTH, PRESERVES the COLOR, and increases the Vigor and BEAUTY of the HAIR.

OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO LYON'S KATHAIRON FOR THE HAIR was first placed in the market by Professor E. Thomas Lyon, a graduate of Princeton College. The name is derived from the Greek "KATHRO," signifying to *cleanse, purify, replenish, or restore.* The favor it has received, and the popularity it has obtained, is unprecedented and incredible. It increases the GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR. It is a delightful dressing. It eradicates dandruff. It prevents the Hair from turning gray. It keeps the head cool, and gives the hair a rich, soft, glossy appearance. It is the best in Quantity and Quality as it was over a QUARTER of a CENTURY AGO, and is sold by all Druggists and Country Stores at only 50 Cents per Bottle.

Woman's Glory is Her Hair,
LYON'S
KATHAIRON

Geo. C. K. Zahm,

DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS, GROCERIES,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

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F. P. TIERNEY..... JAMES NULL.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE
—OF—
TIERNEY & NULL,
Colonnade Row, Ebensburg, Pa.

☞ Special attention paid to collections in all parts of the United States. [2-18-71.-tf.]

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, (opposite Union School House,) West Ward, Ebensburg.—M. M. O'NEILL & Co., Proprietors. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

COAL! COAL!!—The subscriber is now prepared to furnish, in large or small quantities, all qualities of ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS COAL, at lowest market rates. Coal delivered promptly and free of charge for hauling at any point in Ebensburg or vicinity. Orders left at the ZAHM STORE will receive due attention. DANIEL H. ZAHM.

WM. M. LLOYD & CO.,
BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Monies received on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or on time with interest at fair rates.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [aug 27.]

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.tf.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER,.....WM. H. SECHLER.

SHOEMAKER & SECHLER
Attorneys-at-Law,
[10-10.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA. [tf.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!

FRANK W. HAY
Manufacturer,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet-Iron WARES,
AND DEALER IN
HEATING PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
Sheet Metals,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,
WASHINGTON STREET,
Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
MILLINERY GOODS,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE.
PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,
Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.
☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms
WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

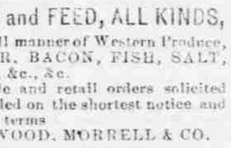
JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.
WM. P. PATTON,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
—ALL KINDS OF—
CABINET FURNITURE
Nos. 150 and 152 Union Street,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards,

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE
made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and bedmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.
Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

LOOK SHARP AT THIS!
136. THE ONLY CATHOLIC 136.
BOOK & PERIODICAL STORE
IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.
M. P. MEAGHER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in STANDARD CATHOLIC WORKS of all kind, PRAYER BOOKS, BIBLES, HISTORICAL and CONTROVERSIAL WORKS, PERIODICALS, PICTURES, FRAMES, &c., &c., 136 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa. Will sell every article at Baltimore or Philadelphia prices. *A liberal discount allowed to the Rev. Clergy, Libraries, or those buying in large lots.* Books bound and Pictures framed at the lowest possible prices. All the Eastern Weekly Papers for sale.
136. Franklin Street, Johnstown. 136.

THE BIGGEST SHIP AFLOAT!
PERSONS going to Europe, or those sending for their friends to the *Old Country* ought to buy their tickets from M. P. MEAGHER, Agent for the celebrated **National Line of Steamers** to and from Europe. This Line is remarkable for comfort, speed and safety. Drafts for £1 and upwards sold at the lowest current rates. For further particulars call at MEAGHER'S BOOK STORE, 136 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa. [June 22, 1872.-tf.]



Parke's Marble Works,
132 Franklin Street, Johnstown.
MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.
☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.
Oct. 24.-m.* JOHN PARKE.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!
132 Franklin Street, Johnstown.
JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.
MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.
☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

TRIAL BY ORDEAL.—While at Mittun-Kote, seeing a crowd one day congregated round a well, I walked to the spot and was witness to the following trial by an ordeal, which we may term that of "water and the bow and arrow." The water in the well was eighteen feet deep, and in its center stood an upright pole. Two criminals were to be tried for theft, one of whom was already in the cell, clinging to the pole, with only his head above water. A little on one side, with his back to the criminal, stood an archer with bent bow and arrow on the string. On a given signal the arrow was shot away, and the culprit descended below the surface of the water. No sooner had the arrow reached the ground than a young man swift of foot left the bowman's side, and made towards it; on reaching the spot where it fell, another runner, equally fleet, snatched up the arrow and set off for the well. As he neared us at a winning pace, all eyes looked over the parapet into the well for the criminal's reappearance. His friends breathed short, while hope and fear depicted on every countenance. At last the runner reached the goal, and the next moment the head of the suspected person emerged from the water. A loud shout proclaimed his innocence and the crowd's satisfaction. The other criminal, an old man, now prepared to descend into the well, but before doing so a lock was shorn from his thin gray hairs, and fastened to the arrow as a charm to impede its flight. He was the reverse of confident, and his looks were certainly not in his favor. Prayers were offered and many fingers pointed to the heavens, while voices exclaimed. "Allah will clear the innocent." The trial was gone thro', and with the same happy result as before. These injured men were now placed upon the backs of two bystanders, and so mounted, were led through the crowd to receive its noisy congratulations. This over, their female relations came forward and contented themselves with imprinting a silent kiss upon the cheeks of the once suspected men, who had thus established their innocence in the opinion of their countrymen, and the sound state of their lungs in ours.—*A Journey to the Oxus.*

HOW MR. JOHN JACKSON CAUGHT A MESS OF BASS.—Mr. John Jackson was walking along the river bank one day, when he saw a piece of string attached to a peg stuck in the ground. He picked up the string, of which one end was in the water, and hauled in three fine bass, which by some means or other had strung themselves through the gills on the line. Jackson was so astonished by this circumstance that he did not know what to say, but he determined to take the fish home and show them. Before doing so, however, he looked about to see if anybody could give him an explanation of the affair, but he only saw a gentleman fishing some quarter of a mile off, and not wishing to interrupt him in his sport, picked up his prize and walked home with it. John Jackson had his fish for supper and pronounced them very fine, but to this day he cannot explain how three bass could possibly string themselves thro' the gills, tie themselves around a peg, and go back to the water again. The gentleman who had been fishing must have made just such another curious capture and have lost it, for he was heard later in the evening talking very loud, and asking somebody, profanely, what the something had become of it."

"Esq."—The present use of the distinction "Esquire" conveys not the remotest idea of its origin or appropriation in past ages. The esquire originated in chivalric times, when the sons of gentlemen, from the ages of seven years, were brought up in the castle of superior lords—which was an estimable advantage to the poorer nobility, who could hardly otherwise have given their children the accomplishments of their station. From seven to fourteen these boys were called pages or valets. They were instructed in the management of arms, in the art of horsemanship, in exercises of strength and activity, so as to fit them for the tournament and battle, and the milder glories of chivalrous gallantry. Long after the decline of chivalry the word esquire was used only in a limited sense, for the sons and peers of knights, or such as obtained the title by relation or some other means. Blackstone defines esquire to be all who bear offices of trust under the crown, and who are styled esquires by the king in their commissions and appointments; and being once honored by the king with the title of esquire they have a right to that distinction for life.

HOW THEY EVADE THE FIFTEENTH.—Exhibitors of every description, professors, showmen, &c., who hold forth at Vicksburg, Mississippi, have adopted a shrewd plan to circumvent constitutional amendments which call for no distinction in regard to "race, color or previous condition." In order to exclude colored citizens from admission to their exhibitions, these caterers to public edification and amusement have substituted "cards of invitation" for tickets. These "cards of invitation" solicit the company of the holder thereof to the entertainment, whatever it may be, lecture, theatre or circus, specifying the numbered seat, and also stating "that to defray expenses you are expected to pay one dollar," or whatever the price may be, and the invitation is not transferable. That looks as if the white man had beaten the colored brother, for surely a man cannot be compelled by law to invite to his entertainment any save those agreeable to him.

A YOUNG LADY on a railway train the other day was considerably vexed because a fruit vender coming through the cars came up to her and smiling blandly said: "Sweet, have any oranges?" She told her young man, who was sitting near her, that she thought that boy was rather familiar in calling her pet names. She became less indignant when the conductor explained that the innocent fruit-seller merely exclaimed. "Sweet Havana oranges."

WINK at her tenderly—
The girl over there!
Her walk "grecian bendedly,"
And purchased, her hair.

GIVEN AWAY.
A Fine German Chromo.
We send an Elegant Chromo, Mounted and Ready for Framing, Free to Every Agent.
Agents Wanted for
UNDERGROUND!
—OR,—
LIFE BELOW THE SURFACE.
BY THOS. W. KNOX.
942 Pages Octavo. 120 Fine Engravings.

Relates Incidents and Accidents beyond the Light of Day; Startling Adventures in all parts of the World; Mines and Mode of Working them; Undercurrents of Society; Gambling and its Horrors; Caverns and their Mysteries; The Dark Ways of Wickedness; Prisons and their Secrets; Down in the Depths of the Sea; Strange Stories of the Detection of Crime. The book treats of experience with brigands; nights in opium dens and gambling hells; life in prison; stories of exiles; adventures among Indians; journeys through sewers and catacombs; accidents in mines; pirates and piracy; tortures of the Inquisition; wonderful burglaries; underworld of the great cities, etc., etc.

We want agents for this work, on which we give exclusive territory. Agents can make $100 a week in selling this book. Send for circulars and special terms to agents.
J. B. BURR & HYDE,
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1200 PAGES AND 500 ENGRAVINGS PRINTED IN ENGLISH AND GERMAN. WRITTEN BY 20 EMINENT AUTHORS, INCLUDING JOHN B. GOUGH, HON. LEON. CASE, EDWARD HOWLAND, REV. E. EDWIN HALL, PHILIP RILEY, ALBERT BRISBANE, HORACE GREELEY, F. B. PERKINS, ETC., ETC.

This work is a complete history of all branches of industry, processes of manufacture, etc., in all ages. It is a complete encyclopedia of arts and manufactures, and is the most entertaining and valuable work of information on subjects of general interest ever offered to the public. It is adapted to the wants of the Merchant, Manufacturer, Mechanic, Farmer, Student and Inventor, and sells to both old and young of all classes. The book is sold by agents, who are making large sales in all parts of the country. It is offered at the low price of $3 50, and is the cheapest book ever sold by subscription. No family should be without a copy. We want agents in every town in the United States, and no Agent can fail to do well with this book. Our terms are liberal. We give our agents the exclusive right of territory. One of our agents sold 138 copies in eight days, another sold 203 in two weeks. An agent in Hartford sold 307 in a week. Specimens of the work sent to agents on receipt of stamp. For circulars and terms to agents address the publishers. J. B. BURR & HYDE,
Hartford, Conn., or Chicago, Ill.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.
Cooking Stoves,
Heating Stoves.
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of
Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves
of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all. VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

EBENSBURG
BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY.
July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

Andrew Moses,
DRAPER & TAILOR,
CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

CASEY, FOGARTY & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
MONONGAHELA & OLD RYE WHISKY,
AND ALL KINDS OF
DOMESTIC LIQUORS,
AND IMPORTERS OF
Foreign Wines, Gins, Brandies, &c.,
No. 315 Liberty Street,
Dec. 6, 1871.-3m. *PITTSBURGH, PA.*

EBENSBURG
WOOLEN FACTORY!

HAVING introduced new machinery into our Woolen Factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice, CLOTHS, CASSINETS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS of all styles STOCKING YARNS, &c., &c.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Market price paid for wool.
T. M. JONES & SONS.
Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1872.-tf.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.

WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.
Sept. 20.-tf. GEO. C. K. ZAHM Cashier.

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,
EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

THE
NEW DISCOVERY
In Chemical and Medical Science.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Incipient Consumption.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Catarrh.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Asthma.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Heart Disease.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Skin Diseases.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Regulate the Liver.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Regulate the Stomach and Bowels
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure all Female Weaknesses.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Purify the Blood.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Diseases of the Throat.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Bronchitis.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure "Rose Cold," or "Hay Fever"
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Lung Diseases.
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Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Remove Pain in the Breast.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Remove Pain in the Side or Back.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Are a Superior Tonic.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Restore the Appetite.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cause the Food to Digest.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Restore the Weak and Debilitated
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Give Tone to Your System.

E. E. HYDE & CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS.
195 Seventh Ave., New York.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS.
JOHN D. THOMAS,
Boot and Shoe Maker

THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors, I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.
JOHN D. THOMAS.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY!
SAMPLE STREET,
Near Union School House, Ebensburg.

THE subscriber desires to call the attention of the citizens of Cambria and adjoining counties to the fact that he has now in successful operation in Ebensburg a Shop for the manufacture and repair of
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES,
Spring Wagons, Sleighs,
And all other description of Work in that line.

Employing none but skillful workmen and using only the best materials, I feel confident I can give entire satisfaction in work, styles and prices.

Platform work done at short notice. Repairing of all kind attended to at reasonable rates. A Blacksmith Shop in connection with Manufactory. Call and see specimens of work.
June 22, 1872.-tf. D. M. CHUTE.

Murray & Dunn,
PROPRIETORS OF
PHOENIX FOUNDRY AND STOVE WORKS,
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

HAVING purchased the establishment lately known as Enterprise Foundry, we are now prepared to manufacture
LIGHT CASTINGS
of every description.
The Various Styles of Stoves
manufactured at our establishment are in all respects equal to any in the market.
Steam Engines and all kind of Machinery
promptly and satisfactorily repaired.
☞ All our work is warranted to be exactly what it is represented. [Aug. 30.-tf.]

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
AMERICAN
BONELESS
SARDINES.

They have received Diploma for their merit wherever exhibited. Pronounced by all, the cheapest luxury of the age, valuable, and almost necessary to the table, to travelers, or at pic-nics. Packed in the best Olive oil of our own importation, in tin boxes finished same as the imported; and are sold at less than half the cost of French Sardines. Their delicious flavor and nutricious qualities recommend them to all classes. Sold by all first class grocers.
Wholesale by
THE AMEAICAN SARDINE CO.,
April 4, 1873.-3m. 21 Broad St., N. Y.

STILL UP AND AT IT!
CABINET MAKING AND UNDERTAKING.

Thankful for past liberal favors, the subscriber desires to inform the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he is still carrying on the business above named in all its branches, on High street, nearly opposite the Public School House. Substantially made Furniture of all kind sold at lowest figures. Coffins of any desirable size or finish furnished on short notice, and funerals attended to promptly and satisfactorily.
ROBERT EVANS.
Ebensburg, March 21, 1873.-6m.

GALLITZIN HOTEL,
GALLITZIN STATION, PA. R. R.

Having just purchased, refitted and refurnished this well known and commodious Hotel, the subscriber is fully prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage, and especially invites the attention of his friends in Cambria and Blair counties to this fact. Neither expense or pains will be spared to make all feel at home who sojourn with me. TERMS MODERATE.
M. FITZHARRIS, Proprietor.
Gallitzin, April 4, 1873.-tf.

The Antarctic Regions.

A hundred times would not the thousandth part of the [illegible] Maury ascribes to Antarctic [illegible]. Assuredly we may say with [illegible] more significantly, that "violence" [illegible] meteorological necessities" [illegible] say that they are," he proceeds, "[illegible] force and regularities of the [illegible] us that their presence there [illegible] inconsistent with known laws [illegible] lieves, in fact, that the steady [illegible] be partly formed as an [illegible] volcanic fires. It is as well to [illegible] when ideas so wild are [illegible] Maury himself remarked, "we [illegible] larly, but little more of the [illegible] features of Antarctic regions than those of the planets." "If they [illegible] nental," as he proceeds, "we [illegible] without any unwarrantable stretch of imagination, relieve the face of [illegible] there with snow-clad mountains, versify the landscape with [illegible] noes;" but we must not forget [illegible] a work of imagination—not a [illegible] can be insisted upon as though [illegible] sented a geographical fact.

While on this subject, however, [illegible] not refrain from quoting a very [illegible] passage from a letter by Capt. [illegible] the Southern Cross, because, [illegible] relates in reality to the phenomena of aurora australis, it presents a picture [illegible] we might conceive to accord with [illegible] ception of an Antarctic region [illegible] with volcanoes, whose combustion [illegible] made the whole continent at times a vast furnace. Apart from fanciful [illegible] these, the description is full of [illegible]

"About half-past one," [illegible] second of last September, [illegible] nomena of the Aurora Australis [illegible] ed itself in a most magnificent [illegible] Our ship was off Cape Horn, in a [illegible] gale, plunging furiously into a [illegible] flooding her decks, and [illegible] her whole bows beneath the [illegible] heavens were as black as [illegible] star was to be seen where the brilliant [illegible] tacle first appeared. I cannot describe [illegible] awful grandeur of the scene; the [illegible] gradually changed from a murkiness till they became like livid [illegible] ing a lurid, glowing brilliancy [illegible] thing. The ocean appeared like [illegible] vermilion, lashed into fury by the [illegible] the waves, dashed furiously over [illegible] ever and anon rushed to leeward [illegible] son torrents. Our whole ship— [illegible] and all—seemed to partake of the [illegible] ruddy hues. They were as if [illegible] by some terrible conflagration, [illegible] together, the howling, shrieking [illegible] noble ship plunging fearlessly between [illegible] crimson crested waves, the [illegible] of hail, snow and sleet driving [illegible] vessel and falling to leeward [illegible] showers, the mysterious [illegible] fire resting on our mast heads [illegible] etc., and above all the [illegible] the heavens, through which [illegible] of auroral light would [illegible] streaks with meteoric brilliancy, [illegible] presented a scene of grandeur [illegible] ity surpassing the wildest dreams [illegible]

The enormous icebergs which [illegible] the Antarctic seas suggest [illegible] clusions respecting regions [illegible] plored. This will be understood [illegible] is remembered that all the largest [illegible] icebergs have in reality had their [illegible] vast glaciers. Vast masses of [illegible] ed, indeed, in the open sea. [illegible] the seas which have been open during [illegible] summer months (December, January, February,) are covered over with [illegible] enormous thickness, and when [illegible] turns the ice fields thus formed [illegible] up, and the fragments, borne [illegible] other during storms, become [illegible] gigantic masses. But the [illegible] thus formed, vast though they [illegible] exceeded in magnitude by the [illegible]

"Among the drifting masses of ice," says Tyndall, "[illegible] which spring from a totally different [illegible] These are the icebergs of the [illegible] They rise sometimes to an elevation [illegible] dreds of feet above the water, [illegible] height of ice submerged is [illegible] times that seen above. What [illegible] gin?" He proceeds speaking [illegible] with in northern seas: "The [illegible] ciers. From the mountains in the [illegible] the indurated snows slide into the [illegible] and fill them with ice. The glacier [illegible] formed, move, like the Swiss [illegible] santly downward. But the Arctic [illegible] reach the sea, and enter it, when [illegible] its bottom into submarine [illegible] dermined by the lapping of the [illegible] unable to resist the strain imposed [illegible] own weight, they break across, [illegible] charge vast masses in the ocean. [illegible] these run aground on the adjoining [illegible] and often maintain themselves [illegible] Others escape, to be finally [illegible] the warm waters of the ocean.—

A DISCOVERY ABOUT COIN.—[illegible] thinking and observant age new [illegible] discoveries are constantly being [illegible] known, many of which, if true, [illegible] heard after, while others pass into [illegible] treasury of established fact, when [illegible] merit has been proven. We have met [illegible] with the following paragraph in a [illegible] change:

"An intelligent and reliable farmer [illegible] has for many years been making experiments with corn, has discovered in the [illegible] tance and value in replanted corn when [illegible] quite noveland worthy of publication. [illegible] have always thought replanted corn of [illegible] no consequence; he replants when [illegible] needed or not—or rather he plants [illegible] three weeks after crops are planted, [illegible] every fifteenth row each way. If [illegible] the weather becomes dry during the [illegible] time, the silk and tassel does not [illegible] Thus, for want of pollen, the new [illegible] unable to fill the office for which it was [illegible] signed. The pollen from the [illegible] corn is then ready to supply the [illegible] the filling is completed. He says [illegible] all the abortive ears, so common to [illegible] crop, are caused by the want of [illegible] and that he has known ears to double [illegible] size in the second filling."